

COLLEGE FOOTBALL ISSUE

# Sports Illustrated

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# Say It Ain't So, Joe!



The Story  
of Shoeless  
Joe Jackson

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Little, Brown

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

After the first hour of a shooting session with Hugh Green, the University of Pittsburgh defensive end, and Orpheus, the 80-pound black panther who shares this week's cover with Green, Photographer Lane Stewart said to Green, "I'll tell you what. You let me know when you're really fed up and we'll try something else."

"O.K., I'm fed up," Green said. "My shirt is torn in two places, my right ear has been tongued to death, and my hair is covered with a quart of saliva." Orpheus, a female who would have been more aptly named Eurydice, or even Thelma, was upset. She had begun stalking around her platform. Another day under the bright lights shouldn't have upset this eight-year veteran of the silver screen. In fact, spending a Friday afternoon in a quiet, air-conditioned Hollywood studio should have been a kick compared to her last couple of gigs: a role in *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and a record-album-cover session with the heavy-metal rock group Blackfoot. Nevertheless, in a display of panther pettishness, Orpheus had chased Green from the set and now was threatening to make the SI cover a solo act.

After an hour of clawing and nibbling by the four-foot-long cat, Green was ready to pack up and go home.

Stewart sat down on his ladder, removed his glasses and pondered the quandary. His male lead, an All-American who had dished out his share of punishment during three years of college football, was letting Orpheus take the line of scrimmage away from him. And the female co-star had refused to face the camera whenever she consented to have Green share the frame with her at all.

"This is terrific," Stewart said. "The carpenter built a platform with matching staircase so the cat wouldn't stub her paw; the studio was rented from a photographer who would be out of town this week so we would be sure of peace and quiet; Orphy was hand-picked from Gentle Jungle of Hollywood's Affection Training School,



PANTHERS HUGH GREEN AND OL' ORPHEUS

where her mother and father were members of the Screen Animal Actors Guild; and now the cat is turning into Gloria Swanson."

"Don't be alarmed," said Jim Pickercell, Orpheus' handler, the to-be-guarded Green. "These are just love taps. If she wanted to, she'd take your head off before you could move. So relax. Orphy is tame."

Reassured, Green took his place back on the set, at which point Orpheus decided it was time for a catnap. Attempting to rouse her so he could get the session going again—and get out of there—Green massaged her paws, her neck, her nose. He picked her up and tickled her stomach. One trainer gave her leash a tug. Pickercell waved a red hat in front of her eyes. Nothing.

Finally, one of the photo assistants flipped his keys and some loose change into a metal bucket and then slammed the whole business against a cement wall. Slowly Orpheus opened one yellow eye.

A second later there was jubilation. Orphy had opened her other eye, faced the camera and flashed her choppers. Camera! Action!

*Philip D. Howard*

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## RESTATING THE CASE FOR REFORM

In 1976, Arthur Hansen, the president of Purdue University, fired Alex Agase, the football coach, whose record in four seasons with the Boilermakers was 18-25-1. Hansen praised Agase's "integrity and honesty," but he also said, "The main thing is keeping gate receipts at the games as high as possible." Today, in the face of college sport's burgeoning academic cheating scandal, Hansen doesn't shrink from his definition of the "main thing." "Insisting that intercollegiate sport can be clean and big, Hansen still emphasizes the importance of filling the football stadium.

"There are 20,000-plus students at the stadium on a given Saturday," Hansen told SI's Bob Sullivan. "They receive a tremendous sense of spirit, a positive, psychologically lifting experience. Then there's the allegiance of alumni. For some, football is the only tie. There are community gains, too. Football is a positive good which, if we were to remove it, would have negative ramifications."

Hansen is hardly alone in defending big-time college sport. Despite the pervasiveness of the current scandal, there have been few calls for "de-emphasis" of college athletics, a remedy widely espoused during similar troubles in the '40s and '50s. Given that fact, the most one can realistically hope for is the adoption of reforms to eliminate some of the excesses. But the need for such action is urgent, a fact underscored by the situation in the Pac-10, whose presidents and chancellors two weeks ago disqualified five member schools—USC, UCLA, Arizona State, Oregon and Oregon State—from this year's conference championship race because of various improprieties. Last week the Pac-10 also declared three Oregon football players ineligible for the season for accepting free airline tickets. Meanwhile, questions have been raised about how four UCLA freshman basketball players were reportedly able to buy cars costing up to \$7,000 from two L.A. dealers without need of financ-

ing. Yet another Pac-10 school, California, has been embarrassed by reports that Chuck Muncie, an All-America running back now with the New Orleans Saints, received credit in 1974 for an extension course at Santa Clara University he never took. Away from the Pac-10, an investigation by the Nevada State Journal and Reno Evening Gazette reveals, astonishingly, that of the 80 blacks who played football or basketball at the University of Nevada-Reno over the past nine years, only two graduated from that school. One nongraduate, Edgar Jones, a basketball player now with the New Jersey Nets, was quoted as claiming that coaches had discouraged him from pursuing a meaningful education.

"They didn't give me incentive to get out of bed," Jones said. "I wanted to take math classes. I couldn't do it. They said it's too hard, drop it. I was a whiz with numbers." Jones said he was also talked out of biology classes and was steered instead into physical education classes in which "you learned things you learned in health class in grade school." Straining to find something good to say about his college education, Jones said, "I learned to weld. I never welded before."

In his examination of academic cheating in SI last May, John Underwood put forward a list of suggested reforms. The NCAA has already adopted Underwood's proposal that credits for extension and correspondence courses be applied toward athletic eligibility only if the courses are offered by the athlete's own school. Other proposals advanced by Underwood will be considered at the NCAA convention next January, including elimination of eligibility for freshmen to give them more time to acclimatize themselves to the demands of the classroom. But some items on Underwood's agenda are meeting resistance, notably his suggestion that pressures on football coaches to win—and to cheat—might be relieved by granting them tenure like that enjoyed by professors. But it seems that many college presidents are reluctant to

relinquish their God-given right to fire football coaches.

Such squeamishness about tenure and other needed reforms is unfortunate. The current crisis in college sport raises serious doubt about whether academic excellence is compatible with high-powered, high-pressure intercollegiate sport. We hope that Arthur Hansen and other likeminded administrators are right in saying it is. But as the 1980 college football season begins, the burden is squarely on them to prove it.

## TANDEM POWER CLUB

When Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle hit 61 and 54 home runs, respectively, in 1961, the Yankee sluggers became the most accomplished duo in what Jeff Bachrach, sports editor of the *Willamette*



Week in Portland, Ore., calls the Tandem Power Club. Membership in the TPC is open to any two teammates who combine for 80 or more homers in a season. There have been only 34 such pairs since Babe Ruth (60) and Lou Gehrig (47) became the first in 1927. Their 107 is second to the 115 by Maris and Mantle on the alltime list.

Interestingly, the TPC has been cracked just once since 1973. That occurred in 1977 when Cincinnati's George Foster (52) and Johnny Bench (31) hit 83. Combining for 83 homers has proved difficult because, even though there are more teams and a longer schedule than in bygone years, the number of individual players who hit 40 or more homers in a season has declined. Thus it was noteworthy that Milwaukee's Ben Oglivie and Gorman Thomas ranked second and third behind Reggie Jackson in the

continued

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We're making progress in our efforts to bring inflation under control by trying to bring health care costs under control. For example, many health insurance policies now cover hospital pre-admission testing, in which routine X-rays and tests are performed before you enter the hospital. That means you could spend at least one day less in the hospital. And if every hospital stay were reduced one day, well over a billion dollars could be saved every year.

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American League last week with 32 and 29 homers. But Oglivie and Thomas had better step it up. At the rate they're going, they'll finish with 78 homers, missing the TPC by two.

#### AMUSING, BUT LOSING

It was vintage Bill Lee, a bon mot delivered by the Montreal Expos' pitcher and resident wit following a pep talk to the pennant-contending club by its president, John McHale. Deadpanned Lee: "He said we'd come a long way. We'd only come from St. Louis." Alas, Lee was on the disabled list and had a 3-6 record and a 5.51 ERA when he uttered those words, prompting Expo Manager Dick Williams to dust off one of his best lines: "Lee sounds a lot funnier when he's winning."

#### IN HIS OWN LEAGUE

In his 1970 book *Out of Their League*, ex-NFL linebacker Dave Meggerys reviled pro football as, among other things, dehumanizing, racist, militaristic and brutal. Meggerys also dealt harshly with college football. And he had little good to say about high school football. All of which is essential background to the rather startling news that Dave Meggerys, now 38, has become a football coach.

Meggerys is coaching at Tamalpais High School in Mill Valley, Calif., an affluent community in Marin County, north of San Francisco. His new job is in addition to his regular work as a carpenter and as an instructor of two courses at Stanford, "Sports Consciousness" and "The Athlete and Society." The coaching position pays him \$900 a season. He has six assistants and makes his debut on Sept. 13, when his Tamalpais High Indians take the field against El Molino High.

Meggerys concedes today that he may have been overly critical of certain individuals in his book and he further allows that football is "a game of hitting," a fact he didn't seem fully prepared to accept during his days as an anti-Establishment firebrand. But Meggerys doesn't intend to be just another football coach. During pre-season practice he has been friendly with his players, more like a pal than a head coach, and full of encouragement. He says, "I want to coach with an openness, to make the athletic experience a joy in a positive atmosphere. Winning is important but it's not to be overemphasized. I will try to convey a certain enthusiasm

and inspiration and respect for the opponent. I see football as an intense contest but in the positive sense."

The Tamalpais Indians and Meggerys appear to be made for each other. A school of 1,700 students in the Marin County Athletic League, Tamalpais High is traditionally strong in track and field but not in football. In recent years soccer, swimming and tennis have all gained in popularity at football's expense. Last year's football team had a 1-9 record, and school officials were surprised at the large number of students—more than 50—who turned out for Meggerys's first practice. James Hanretty, the school principal, has reason to believe the enthusiasm will last. "I like his philosophy," he says of his school's new coach. "Football should be enjoyed. Kids shouldn't play for a coach out of fear."

#### THE CLOSED OPEN

By definition, an "open" tournament is one in which anybody who's good enough can play. Naturally, there has to be some sort of elimination system to hold down the number of entrants. Yet when the U.S. Tennis Association staged its qualifying tournament to fill the last 16 spots in the field of 128 for the men's division of the U.S. Open, it did so in a manner that makes a mockery of that hallowed event's very name.

In filling berths for the qualifying tournament, which has a 128-man draw, too, the USTA gave priority to players with the most points under the computer-ranking system maintained by the Association of Tennis Professionals, the union to which most of the male touring pros belong. Fair enough. But only 92 players who had points to their credit entered the qualifying event, which presumably left 36 spots for the unranked players—most of them college boys and local tournament types—who had gathered at Flushing Meadow in hopes of filling such berths. The USTA then dropped a bombshell, ruling that the 36 spots would be left vacant in order "to preserve the quality of play in a Grand Slam event."

What the USTA overlooked was that it's the U.S. Open, not the qualifying tournament, that is the Grand Slam event. Any chaff in the qualifying tournament would have been quickly separated from the wheat. And, in fact, as the USTA was well aware, some of the unranked players were better than some of those with points. The upshot is that

this year's U.S. Open is virtually limited to tournament pros only. Call it the U.S. Closed.

#### PROGRESS REPORT

From his bed in Houston's Methodist Hospital, where he's recovering from his stroke, J.R. Richard sent a handwritten note to his Astro teammates last week saying he was looking forward to the club's being in the World Series this year, "even if I have to watch." Meanwhile, Richard was visited by Earl Campbell and Billy Johnson of the Oilers—and walked them to the elevator when the visit was over. Of Richard's condition, the Astro team physician, Dr. Harold Brelsford, had this to say:

"I'm going to keep him in the hospital three or four more weeks if I can. But I don't know what luck I'll have, because he'll want out soon. His speech is close to normal. He still has a weakness in his muscles. I asked him who was on base when Enos Cabell got the winning hit Friday night [in a 3-2 Astro victory over Chicago]. He [correctly] said it was Dave Bergman, and he was surprised Bergman pinch-hit. So he's certainly alert. He lost about 20 pounds but he's gained some of it back. Except for his facial weakness, you wouldn't know he had a stroke. I checked his legs today, and there's hardly any weakness in his left leg. He seemed in good spirits. You couldn't ask for better progress."

#### THEY SAID IT

● Patty Sheehan, a rookie on the LPGA circuit: "I like the thought of playing for money instead of silverware. I never did like to polish."

● Joe Greene, who wears all four of his Super Bowl rings on his right hand: "Our motto is, 'One for the thumb in '81.'"

● Lee MacPhail, American League president, recounting a meeting with Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, whom he subsequently suspended for three games for abusing umpires: "Earl gave me his version of what happened and asked me not to suspend the umpires."

● Larry Lacey, Arkansas State football coach, after a senior quit, leaving the inexperienced team with three seniors and 10 juniors: "Only 13 more to go and we'll be a junior college."

● Paul Guinnon, Honolulu sportscaster, asked on a radio talk show how one becomes a sports announcer: "It's not politics, it's just who you know." **END**



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**Sports Illustrated**

SEPTEMBER 1, 1990

**BRETT**





# MAY DO IT YET

*The nation is tuned in as Kansas City's George Brett makes the most serious run at batting .400 since Ted Williams hit .406 in 1941* **by RON FIMRITE**

There were two outs and no one on when Kansas City's George Brett came to bat in the sixth inning of last Saturday night's game between the Royals and the Cleveland Indians. Brett assumed his lefthanded stance: feet spread and body bent at the waist; left leg bent and right leg extended toward the mound. While resting his bat on his left shoulder, he peeked at the pitcher over his right shoulder. Pitching for Cleveland was Wayne Garland, who finally seems to be making a successful comeback from the shoulder injury that has perennially jeopardized his once-promising career.

Before the game, Garland had described what a pitcher must do to thwart a hitter of Brett's incalculable skills. "You have to try to keep him off balance," he said. "You have to change speeds on him, maintain supreme concentration. Of course, that is easier said than done. A bad night for him is 2 for 5." Still, Garland had got Brett to fly out and pop up in two previous at bats, and now, pitching cautiously, he induced him to hit a three-balls-no-strikes breaking ball to the right side of *continued*

the infield, where First Baseman Mike Hargrove fielded it and tossed to Garland, covering first, for the out.

An unusual thing happened after that: the near-capacity crowd of 40,192 at Royals Stadium emitted, as one person, a long, loud, anguished groan. Why the great sorrow? The situation was far from hopeless. The Royals were only trailing 2-1, and they would, in fact, eventually win the game 3-2. No, the fans were in mourning because Brett, a .400 hitter before that time at bat, had just become a .399 hitter. And of all the magic numbers in baseball's statistical pantheon—30 wins, 300 strikeouts, 60 homers—the .400 batting average has become the least attainable. The last man to hit for that celestial average was Ted Williams in 1941,

and though his career abounds with magnificent achievements, that long-ago .406 average survives as his most memorable claim to everlasting fame.

Brett, the effusive Kansas City third baseman, has revived .400 fever across the land. In his own city, BRETT FOR PRESIDENT bumper stickers are appearing, and KMBZ, the radio station that broadcasts Royals games, is advertising itself as "The Home of George Brett Excitement." The Royals' front office receives upwards of 40 telephone calls a day requesting information on Brett's progress or for audiences with the great man. The nation at large has not experienced one of these .400 epidemics since 1977, when Rod Carew, then of the Minnesota Twins, kept his average in range over the last two

months of the season. But Carew's highest average from Aug. 20 to the last day of that season was the one he finished with—.388. Brett is a much more likely candidate for inclusion in the .400 circle. After going 1-for-4 on Sunday, he was at .397 with 38 games to go.

Until Garland did him in he had been a .400 hitter for six days, climbing as high as Williams' .406 last Wednesday. For that matter, he has been a .452 hitter since May 21, when his average was a disreputable .247. In those amazing three months he has hit in all but five of 62 games, while slugging 14 homers and driving in 74 runs. From the All-Star break through last Sunday, he had an average of .455 and had hit in 41 of 44 games. And from July 18 through Aug. 18, he hit in 30 consecutive games. His average for the streak was .467 (.57 for 122). Although he has missed 35 games this season because of injuries, Brett is in the American League Top 10 in nine offensive categories and is the leader in batting, on-base percentage and slugging. Through Sunday he had 91 runs batted in in 89 games, figures that put him within reach of another unusual accomplishment. Boston's Walt Dropo was the last hitter to finish a season with more RBIs (100 minimum) than games played—144 to 136 in 1950. Brett is having what might be called a big season.

"I have seen people hit the way he has for 10 to 15 games at a time," says his manager, Jim Frey, "but never have I seen anyone do it night after night, time after time, against all kinds of pitching. It's incredible. Hit .400? Hell, he might hit .420."

The odds against anyone hitting .400 today are astronomical. With the disclaimer that there is no way to measure those odds scientifically because of the unreliability of the human factor, the Elias Sports Bureau of New York estimates that before a season starts the chances of a career .300 hitter reaching .400 in 600 times at bat is one in 1,919,940,000,000,000. Long odds, to be sure. Brett's own chances at the start of the season, based on his career average of .310, were one in 87,629 for 500 at bats and one in 590,927 for 600. Interestingly, when the season ends, Brett should have almost exactly 500 at bats compared with the 645 he had last year, when he hit .329. So by missing so many games he has probably helped his chances. Now, given the way he has been going and with only a little

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MOFFA



Besieged by fans and media but still very accommodating, Brett finds time for a people of poppers

more than a month of the season remaining, he has, by Elias' computations, a 70% chance of making it.

Brett is no shrinking violet, but he advises caution in assessing his chances, arguing that "it's only August" and "there's a long way to go." This is not to say that he doesn't entertain the thought, envisioning himself taking his place alongside the eight hitters who have reached .400 13 times since 1900. Men like Williams, Hornsby, Heilmann, Sisler and Cobb "It would be a once-in-a-lifetime thing," he said. "I'd like to do it. I'm just going to try to stay up there as long as I can and hope I'm still there at the end of the season. The thing is, I just don't want to fold completely and go down to .320 or something." This remark prompted teammate Clint Hurdle into calculating that if Brett did fold completely and go zero for the rest of 1980, he would "still be hitting around .280."

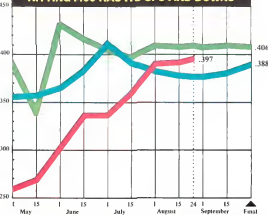
But Brett is fighting to stave off such a dry spell. "The main thing I have to do," he says, "is be patient and not swing at first pitches or changeups or chase bad pitches. I would be putting added pressure on myself if I tried to do things differently just to hit .400. I'm not going to count on doing it. How would it be if I ended up at .370 and was mad because I missed .400? I'm just going to enjoy myself running around those bases."

Brett's opponents have been continually amazed at his composure. "He's showing a lot of discipline at the plate," says Cleveland Catcher Gary Alexander. "He's taking pitches he knows he can't handle."

"He has such sound fundamentals, a good swing and all that confidence," says the Indians' pitching coach, Dave Duncan. "The thing you have to do is get him to go after that first pitch. If you try to pitch him too fine, you'll wind up with a 3-and-1 count, and then you've got to come in with the ball. The biggest thing is not to be afraid to throw the ball over the plate."

When a hitter is as hot as Brett, a pitcher might be forgiven for looking ahead with apprehension to his spot in the batting order. The sight of Brett in the on-deck circle can be disconcerting. "If you've got a guy on second and Brett on deck, you just have to get the hitter in front of him [usually Hal McRae] out," says Garland. "You have to beat down on that hitter, try for a strikeout or a pop-up. You can't lose your concentration."

## HITTING .400 HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS



TED WILLIAMS  
1941

ROD CAREW  
1977

GEORGE BRETT  
1980

The Indians' Len Barker held Brett to one single in three times at bat during his seven innings on the mound last Friday and came away from the confrontation feeling he had acquitted himself with honor. "You've got to go after him," Barker says. "I threw him fastballs away and curveballs in on his hands. Twice I got him out on curves. But he can adjust to anything. He pulled a high fastball away for his hit. I didn't expect that."

Brett isn't seeing as many good pitches as he did earlier in the year. Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver recently ordered him walked intentionally with runners already on first and second and the score tied 3-3 in the bottom of the ninth. With the bases now loaded, the next Kansas City batter, Amos Otis, was unintentionally walked, forcing in the winning run. Brett will take the walks, but he doesn't like them. He walked only 51 times in 154 games last year. Already this season he has walked 42 times, which has contributed measurably to his extraordinary on-base percentage of .519. He rarely strikes out, averaging only one in every 24 plate appearances, and he has hit safely in 84% of the games he has started.

"The best defense against this kind of hitter," says Cleveland Manager Dave

Garcia, "is to place your fielders in the right spots and then have your pitchers force him to hit line drives right at them."

Brett had one more opportunity on Saturday to get his average back over .400, but, as the big crowd boomed, Indian reliever Victor Cruz walked him intentionally with one out and Willie Wilson on second base. Brett established once more his credentials as an all-round player by breaking up a certain double play on Willie Aikens' grounder with a diving slide into second base. The fans gave him a standing ovation as he jogged off the field—he now receives standing ovations in Kansas City for adjusting his cap—but he was still batting only .399 and a new three-game hitting streak had been terminated.

"I'm tired of starting new hitting streaks every other day," Brett joked in the clubhouse. And he didn't appear as discouraged as his zealous followers had been about the sorry decline of his batting average. After all, hanging in his dressing cubicle is a decoupage with a poem entitled *That Man Is A Success*. "Who knows, I might get five hits tomorrow," that man said confidently. And, as American League pitchers have come to realize, he wasn't exaggerating.

California's free-agent picks have gobbled up  
Astor's money like one-armed bandits.



## HOW THE WEST WAS LOST

While Kansas City charges to the playoffs and George Brett challenges .400, the rest of the American League West is fighting to survive **by STEVE WULF**

Call them the AL Rest. They are the six teams below Brett & Co. in the West Division of the American League, and they stoop as a monument to mismanagement, sore arms and old short-stops. They are the stuff of a Rodney Dangerfield routine, which might go something like: [House lights up] "Just my luck that all my favorite teams are in the American League West. Why, the Angels have so many injuries that Brian De Palma is directing their highlights film. [Loosen tie] No kidding, some of the pitchers on the Twins couldn't get their fastballs arrested in a school zone. [Twitch] One guy from the Mariners refuses to bat cleanup—says he doesn't do windows. [Swear] When the White Sox infielders do catch a ball, they cut off a piece of the hide and throw it to the crowd. The Rangers' outfielders couldn't hit a cutoff man if he was King Kong. I tell you, those teams are so bad that the umpires don't show up until the fifth inning. They don't get no respect."

No wonder. The only other team besides the Royals with a winning record is Billy Martin's Oakland A's, and with their .504 percentage they would be no better than seventh in the AL East. But these are the same Oakland A's who had

a .333 percentage last year, and they couldn't have come this far without a lot of help within their division. Against the East, which has six teams over .500, the Dead End Kids are playing at a .414 pace.

As Kansas City fast disappears over the horizon, the only suspense left in the division concerns which manager will be the next to go and which owner will be the next to bail out. The Mariners made the first move three weeks ago when they sent Maury Wills in to pinch-run for Darrell Johnson. Before Seattle went into the 12-game losing streak that cost Johnson his job, the Angels—some might remember them from the playoffs last year—threatened to become the first team since the 1915 Philadelphia Athletics to go from first place to last in a single season.

The West Division has almost always been the East's doormat. Since 1969, when the American League split, the West has had only three winning seasons, and in one of those years, 1971, the winning margin was a single game. Last year the West was 259-327 (.442) against the East, and since division play began, the West has trailed the East 2,552-2,926, which means that it would have to win four out of five games for

a year to catch up. The Oakland teams from 1972 to 1974 have been the only AL West representatives in the World Series. And people still wonder why the National League with its two strong divisions, wins every All-Star Game.

Perhaps the saddest thing about the division is that it never generates a decent pennant race. California won by three games last year, which is the narrowest margin ever in the West. This year the Royals are sublime, and the rest of the teams are ridiculous.

The Twins, for instance, are 17 games under .500 in a year in which Manager Gene Mauch predicted a pennant. They fell below .500 for good on May 2, and last Sunday Mauch announced his immediate resignation. The Rangers were unable to win three games in a row from April 20 to July 18. The Angels, 23-42 at home, didn't win a series in Anaheim for two months.

Statistically, five of the six worst-hitting teams in the league are in the AL Rest. Chicago has scored fewer runs than anybody, Minnesota is at the bottom in stolen bases, and Seattle has been shut out 12 times. The leading hitter on the Twins, John Castino, is batting .297, while Bob Molinaro leads the White Sox regulars at .294. (By comparison, Kansas City's team average is also .294.) The AL Rest supplies only one of the Top 10 home-run hitters (Tony Armas of Oakland) and two of the RBI leaders (Armas and Al Oliver of Texas).

What follows is an unofficial autopsy report, compiled with the help of the advance scouts from the American



League East teams. The West teams will be taken in order of disappointment.

#### CALIFORNIA

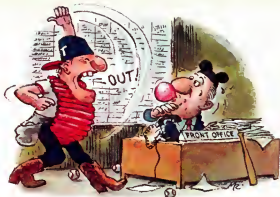
Manager Jim Fregosi suffers from diverticulitis, an intestinal ailment brought on by bad diet, nervousness or possibly his team's 43 injuries so far this season. The most damaging, of course, was to Don Baylor, who won the league MVP award last year with 36 homers, 139 RBIs and a .296 average. Baylor played the first month of the season with a fractured left wrist, then went on the disabled list for two months. He didn't hit his first home run until after the All-Star break. Catcher Brian Downing, the leading right-handed hitter in the AL at .326 last year, fractured his ankle on April 20 and may not return until September. Dan Ford, who underwent a knee operation after driving in 101 runs last year, went on the disabled list because of the knee on June 3. He took his time coming back, he says, because he figured the season was already over. The two pitchers who were expected to lead the staff, Dave Frost and Bruce Kison, had a combined record of 7-12 before injuries shelved them for the year.

Those are all good aitches. But, as Milwaukee scout Walter Shannon says, "Injuries should hurt a club, they shouldn't collapse it. It has to be more than injuries." Owner Gene Autry suspects the same thing. The Singing Cowboy finally took a hot branding iron to his team after seven weeks of having the worst record in baseball. "Some of our pitchers don't have any guts," said Autry. "Some of our players have given up. We've had all those injuries, but the problems go

Now that he's replaced Johnson, With, the master of the unexpected, hopes to light Seattle's fire



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS



The Rangers would probably be better on the field if management had been better off the field

deeper. There are times I've felt like calling up Salt Lake City and letting the mince-leaguers finish the season. At least they would get their uniforms dirty."

The players have taken to sniping at each other. "Defensively," says Pitcher Frank Tanana, "we stink." The team even blamed some of its woes on the Angel Ape, a guy in a gorilla suit who began to show up at games early this year. "All I know is, we started losing when he arrived," said Baylor. "Why blame me?" said the Ape, Joe Badame. "I'm not on the pitching staff."

Like an outfielder who uses his speed to outrun his mistakes, the Angels for years have been using money to cover up bad judgment. Last spring Nolan Ryan asked for a \$2.2 million contract, but General Manager Buzzie Bavasi and Autry decided to wait him out. After Ryan took \$4.5 million from the Astros, Bavasi had to go out and buy Kison for \$2.5 million. He laughed off Ryan's defection by saying, "All I have to do is get two 8-7 pitchers." Chuckle. So far this year, the most wins by any Angel starter is seven. California could use Ryan's 280-innings-a-year durability, not to mention his 9-8 Astro record.

Take the California shortstops, please. Freddie Patek was given a three-year contract for \$555,000. He looked like a million in one game against Boston, hitting three homers and driving in seven runs, but as of August the 35-year-old shortstop had been replaced by 38-year-old Bert Campaneris. Together they've made 26 errors, a lot considering their diminished range. In the past two years

the Angels have traded away three young shortstops, Todd Cruz, Jim Anderson and Rance Mulliniks. Mulliniks went to Kansas City along with Willie Mays Aikens for Al Cowens. The Angels traded Aikens because they already had a left-handed-hitting first baseman in Red Carew, and Baylor's best position is DH. But after two months they gave up on Cowens and traded him to Detroit for, you guessed it, a left-handed-hitting first baseman, Jason Thompson.

#### TEXAS

Manager Pat Corrales was sitting at his desk in the visiting clubhouse at Yankee Stadium not long ago, trying to make sense out of a 2-1 loss to New York's Rudy May. "I don't get it," he said. "We score eight runs off Tommy John one night, then get beat by a spot starter tonight. I can't figure out this whole season." At one point in his soliloquy, Corrales stopped to chide his son, Jason, a team bat boy, for putting on a sweat sock that had almost as many holes as his team. "Fregosi and I are close friends, but we haven't talked about this season yet," Corrales said. "He's got his problems and I've got mine. At least I don't have a bad stomach."

The Rangers' biggest problem has been the bullpen, where Jim Kera has gone from 13-5 last season to 3-11 and the disabled list this year. Sparky Lyle was unable to take up the slack, and Corrales has only recently begun to rely on Danny Darwin and John Henry Johnson. His aged starters have been adequate, but none has been a stopper.

Like the Angels, the Rangers have a

continued

quaint shortstop, Bud Harrelson, 36. They lured him out of retirement when Nelson Norman couldn't cut it, and Harrelson gave them inspired play until he got hurt. The job then fell to Pepe Frias, with Catcher Dave Roberts as his back-up. Frias distinguished himself against California on May 28 by spiking the ball on what he thought was the third out. In fact, it was the second out, and his mistake let the winning run score. Obviously, not a positive situation. The Rangers are constantly reminded they once traded away Roy Smalley.

In fact, Brad Corbett, the former owner, traded away a lot of good young players. In 1975 he sent Smalley and Pitcher Jim Gideon to Minnesota for Bert Blyleven. It was bad enough giving up Smal-

Medach had recommended to him. "This whole season's been a mystery," the manager said.

#### SEATTLE

Two weeks ago Maury Wills became major league baseball's third black manager, the Mariners' second of any kind, and the first in history to manage against his son. He also became the 1,723rd manager hired merely for appearances. Although the Mariners had a lot of problems at the time, Johnson wasn't one of them. Before he was canned, he was highly rated by most scouts. A few days before the ax fell, Baltimore's advance man, Jim Russo, said, "Johnson has them playing heads-up baseball. He hates mistakes, he hates to lose."

What difference Wills will make re-

Wills' biggest problem, though, may be in the executive suite. The Seattle owners used to be known as the Silly Six. That's before one of them dropped out and they became the Foolish Five. They are currently suing King County, which built the Kingdome, for, among other things, not telling them that the stadium would be conducive to hitting home runs. The Mariners allege that they went out and built a team on speed when they should have been building one on power. Nobody is quite sure who's in charge of the team, President Daniel O'Brien or General Manager Lou Gorman. But it was O'Brien who personally hired Wills, because, O'Brien said, "He's a natural teacher." That's good, because the Mariners have a lot to learn.

#### MINNESOTA

Until he resigned last Sunday, Gene Mauch was within reach of one of baseball's granite records. If he had managed to manage one more year without winning the division, he would have surpassed Jimmy Dykes' mark of 21 seasons without a pennant. Says one scout harshly, "People remember Gene for blowing the '64 pennant with the Phillies, but what he did with the '77 Twins proved to me he could never win." In 1977 the Twins had Rod Carew (.388, 100 RBIs), Larry Hulse (.302, 28 HRs and 119 RBIs), Lyman Bostock (.336, 90 RBIs), Glenn Adams (.338), Dave Goltz (.20-11) and the division lead in mid-August. They finished 17½ games back in fourth place.

But it's hardly Mauch's fault that the Twins haven't won their division since 1970. Owner Calvin Griffith will neither bid for free agents nor pay his own players what it takes to keep them from becoming free agents. His philosophy has cost him such players as Hulse, Bostock, Carew, Goltz, Bill Campbell and Tom Burgmeier. Somehow the Twins keep producing quality ballplayers, though, like Third Baseman Castino, and they occasionally make a good trade. Smalley, Ken Landreux and Jerry Kocoman are three of their better acquisitions, although each of them is performing well below his 1979 standard. Somewhere hidden in Griffith's tight fist is a good front office. But until Ebenezer gets a visit from the Ghosts of Pennants Past, the Twins will be a .500 ball club.

#### CHICAGO

Manager Tony LaRussa has a law degree from the University of South Flor-



ley, but the trade haunted the Rangers for years because every time his front-office people tried to talk Corbett out of trading away a prospect, he would say, "You told me not to trade Gideon, too, and he's out of baseball now." As a result, the Rangers let go young pitching prospects like Len Barker, Dave Righetti, Mike Griffin and Paul Merabilla.

But there are very few signs that things have changed under new president Eddie Chiles. The Rangers decided to take the names off the backs of the players' uniforms because that would save \$7,000. This kind of thinking will surely doom Texas to mediocrity. And sooner or later, probably sooner, the Rangers will give up on Corrales. "It happens to all of us," Corrales was saying that night at Yankee Stadium. Left open on his desk was a popular spy novel that Pitcher Doc

mains to be seen, but in his first three games Seattle blew three leads and extended its losing streak to 12, the longest in the league in three years. At week's end his record was 5-14. Wills sees another Maury Wills in Second Baseman Julio Cruz, but he also sees Cruz' .213 batting average, and that's a problem Wills is saddled with some truly horrendous catching and bad outfield defense. He has no real third baseman or shortstop, and his designated hitter, Ancient Mariner Willie Horton, 38, is going to have to hit 24 more homers to match his 1979 total of 29. The Mariners' two best pitchers from last year, Mike Parrott (before being sent to Spokane) and Rick Honeycutt, have lost 25 of their last 27 starts, and Jim Beattie, who came from the Yankees in the Ruppert Jones deal, is 4-11 with a 4.97 ERA.



When it was time to spend, Chicago's Veck was always on the outside looking in.

ids, so he should know a faulty defense when he sees one, which is every day. The White Sox have made 140 errors already this season, and they threaten to break the division record of 192 set by the first-year Angels in 1961. Even the scoreboard operator has gotten into the act, exploding the home-run fireworks after a ground-rule double by Greg Pryor.

But even with a bad defense, Chicago is a team on the verge. The left-leaning pitching staff is the envy of many clubs. Clyde King, one of the Yankees' major league scouts, thinks that all Chicago needs is patience. "That's one team I'd leave on the vine," he says. "Make sure they get plenty of rain and plenty of sunshine, and they'll grow up healthy and strong." Thirteen of the White Sox have less than two years' experience, and only two have more than five. King feels the White Sox have two excellent baseball men in LaRussa and G.M. Roland Hemond, and that once they get a catcher and a double-play combination—he'd move Second Baseman Jim Morrison to third—Chicago might be a contender.

If it happens, President Bill Veck won't be around to enjoy it, because the team's board of directors agreed last Friday to sell the Sox to Edward J. DeBartolo Sr. and his daughter for \$20 million. Ever since Veck and his group bought 80% of the club in 1975 from the late John Allyn for \$8 million, they

have had money problems that prevented them from investing in high-quality free agents. DeBartolo, who also owns the Pittsburgh Penguins of the NHL and a thoroughbred track in Louisiana, would do well to keep the organization intact. While many of the AL West teams use poverty as an excuse, the White Sox truly have suffered from a lack of funds.

#### OAKLAND

They laughed when Charlie Finley hired Billy Martin. They laughed even louder when Martin said he could make the A's a winner. Funny, they're not laughing now. Martin has succeeded in turning the moribund A's around, and he deserves full credit for their rags-to-middle-class

story. He has brought them respectability without a quality second baseman or shortstop and without a bullpen. In fact, his starters already have pitched 72 complete games, only five short of the 162-game-schedule record set by the 1968 Giants. Of his best reliever, Bob Lacey, Martin says, "I don't want to see him anymore."

Dan Carnevale, who does Cleveland's advance work, says, "Martin maneuvers his players and always is looking ahead. Give him nine guys and he'll fight you to the finish even if the talent is mediocre." Martin's commando style has produced 13 double steals, one triple steal, seven steals of home in 13 attempts, and 13 suicide squeezes in 19 tries. His outfield of Rickey Henderson (.302, 63 stolen bases), Tony Armas (26 HRs, 81 RBIs) and Dwayne Murphy (.276, 54 RBIs) has blossomed nicely. Pitchers Mike Norris, Matt Keough and Rick Langford deserve a collective Cy Young Award.

Finley thinks he got what he deserved last week when he sold the team for \$12.7 million, more than three times what he paid for it in 1960.

From his perch as Detroit's chief scout, Rick Ferrell looks over to the West and says, "It's disturbing the way the league is lined up. There's some talk about Milwaukee going into that division and Chicago coming into our division. It's not a good situation." A better suggestion might be to relocate the front-office talent. Obviously, some of the West teams don't know what to do with good players even when they have them. Their problems won't be solved until they admit that the fault is not in their stars, but in themselves.

END



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# THE GREAT TOM VS. JACK DEBATE

*The PGA will soon have to choose between Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson for Player of the Year. Even after Watson breezed through the World Series and broke the \$500,000-a-year barrier, you could still get two opinions* **by DAN JENKINS**

Going into last week's World Series of Golf at Akron you could get into all sorts of arguments about who should be the PGA Player of the Year—Jack Nicklaus with his two immensely stirring victories in the U.S. Open and the PGA, or Tom Watson with six U.S. tour wins plus the British Open plus all that loot he'd won. The debate went on even after Watson waltzed away with another, ho-hum, \$100,000 to become golf's first half-million-dollar-a-year man. To be precise, his official 1980 earnings have now reached \$510,258, compared to

Nicklaus' trifling \$175,786. But there is also a little irony here. Before Sunday's final round, Nicklaus was forced to withdraw from the tournament because of a pain in his back. If there were any justice, it is Watson, with his weighty wallet, who should have had the bad back.

But even if Nicklaus had been able to continue, it's doubtful he could have prevented Watson from winning this latest edition of the World Series, which brought together 32 players from around the world. Jack was six strokes off the lead after 54 holes and had already con-

fessed to friends that he was trying very hard not to be bored, the event not being a major championship.

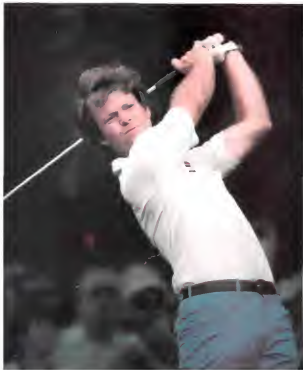
As for Watson, all he did was shoot rounds of five-under-par 65 on the first, third and fourth days of the championship on the long and rugged south course at the Firestone Country Club. These made the 75 he shot on Friday look like a typographical error.

Those 65s simply did it in the elite field. The opening round not only gave Watson the lead, but it also won him the "battle of the glamour pairings," for he was grouped with Nicklaus and Lee Trevino that day. Nicklaus and Trevino did their part to make it a memorable afternoon in golf—Trevino by holing out a tune-iron for an eagle 2 on the 11th hole on the way to a 69 and Nicklaus by chipping in for a birdie on the 9th en route to a 68.

After Friday's play, Watson and Nicklaus were tied at 140, even par, Watson having committed his 75 and Nicklaus a 72. The trouble with this was that it left the tournament momentarily in the hands of Craig (The Walrus) Stadler, who, at 135, held a one-shot lead over Jerry Pate and Ben Crenshaw.

Watson's second 65 left him in a triple tie for the lead with Stadler and Trevino. The next morning, before the start of the final round, Nicklaus was working on the practice tee and suddenly felt a pain in his back, a muscle spasm, and was unable to swing the club. He wasn't a wheelchair case, but for only the second time in his career he had to withdraw from a tournament. Aside from a couple of exhibitions and outings, he doesn't intend to play any more golf this year anyhow, so he wasn't overly concerned—"unless it's a trend," he said.

Watson wasn't given a lift by Nicklaus' abrupt departure. "I just hope he's O.K.," said Tom. Watson was, for sure, with that closing 65, as was the Watson treasury. If you count the \$59,250 he collected for the British Open—and only



*Watson says he is shorter but straighter off the tee than he used to be—and also older and smarter*



the purest of PGA statisticians don't—Watson now has made close to \$570,000 in 1980. He plans to enter two more events this year, and so has an excellent chance to go over the \$600,000 mark, a staggering sum.

There may never be a tougher season in which to try to pick a Player of the Year, an award that has been Watson's private property for the past three. And it remains a fairly difficult thing to decide despite Watson's heroics in Akron. In the locker rooms and grills, opinion is still divided. Players who lust for major championships regard Nicklaus' majestic double as unarguably superior to Watson's accomplishments. But just as many competitors are in awe of Watson's seven victories, which include the one major, and his emergence as the sport's first \$500,000 man.

The dilemma was exemplified by the attitudes of three of their more illustrious contemporaries. At Firestone, Hale Irwin said, "Golfers of the year? There's no question about it. It's Jack." After which Trevino said, "There's no contest. It's Watson." And Crenshaw said, "When I think about the things both of them have done, it blows my mind."

Watson wins the numbers game any way you want to play it. He and Nicklaus competed together in 10 tournaments in 1980 besides the World Series. In those, Tom finished ahead of Jack in six. Moreover, Watson has been uncannily consistent. He hasn't finished worse than 19th in any tournament, and the record reads that he has been in the top 10 in 16 of the 21 events he entered.

Part of the reason for this, of course, is that Nicklaus spent all winter and the spring reshaping his game for the splendid deeds he performed at Baltusrol and Oak Hill. Insofar as being a competitor, Nicklaus might as well not have been in some of the earlier tournaments, such as the Gleason, in which he tied for 53rd, or the Nelson (tied for 43rd), or Atlanta, where he missed the cut.

"I was working on getting my swing back like it was in the 1960s," Nicklaus said at Akron. "A little flatter. I started driving straighter because of that. I was also working on my Phil Rodgers short game, which was costing me about five or six shots a round. When my driving improved and my short game got better, I wasn't making any putts. But then it all came together in the Open and the PGA.

I kept the ball in play, I chipped and puched well, and I started making putts. That's a tough combination. The only other explanation I can give about why I did so well in the Open and the PGA is that maybe I'm less intimidated by those kinds of golf courses than some of the other guys."

Meanwhile, Watson went along his cheery way, outworking everyone else, which is his basic explanation for the victories and the riches he is acquiring. In Akron after that horrendous 75, he marched to the putting green and the practice area and spent two long hours there, hitting drives and stroking putts endlessly, right into darkness. He would rap putt after putt until he could sink a three-footer, a five-footer and an eight-footer three consecutive times.

It was an exercise that brought immediate results on Saturday. On Sunday he destroyed the field—he was five under for the day through 12 holes and coasted home with a two-stroke victory over Ray Floyd, whose own 65 pulled him ahead of Trevino, Stadler, Crenshaw and Pate, all of whom had started the day hoping to catch the leader.

It was only a contest for nine holes, when Trevino and Pate were within one stroke of Watson, and a few others—Crenshaw, Floyd, Lon Hinkle and Irwin, mainly—were within hollering distance, which is sometimes known as three shots back.

But Watson pretty much removed any doubt about the outcome when he birdied the 10th and 12th holes and went on to open up a four-stroke gap over his closest pursuit, a margin that wouldn't be narrowed until Floyd closed with two birdies on the last three holes while Watson was affording himself the luxury of a bogey on 18.

Those birdies of Watson's on the 410-yard par-4 10th and the 178-yard 12th, a par 3, neither of which had been playing as a birdie hole on the south course at Firestone, go a long way toward explaining Watson's magic. On the 10th he burned a drive to within a nine-iron of the green, and he hit that nine-iron to



*Do ya like the man with the most majors or Mr. Megabucks?*

within a foot of the flag. On the 12th he hit a six-iron as far away from the cup as he could get, to the left front edge of the green with the cup at right center, and from there he drilled the putt into the hole. The golf ball might now be nearing the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, down the road, if it hadn't struck the back of the cup. It popped up in the air, came down on the lip, and then dropped.

One birdie of skill, one of luck. But such things happen to players dominating a crazy and unpredictable game. Why? "Because you're aiming at the hole," Watson said, smiling.

"I'm getting to be a better player every year and it's really fun," he went on. "I'm getting older, wiser, smarter, even shorter off the tee, but maybe straighter. I'm in control of myself out there, and that's a great feeling. I'll tell you. All I'm trying to do is get the best out of my ability. If you don't do that, you'll always regret it, no matter what your job is."

Last week Watson continued to get the best out of the economy as well. At the end of the World Series, as has been the case all year, the only person close to Tom Watson was E.F. Hutton. **END**

# CHANGE, PORTENT, PROMISE

*A new season begins with programs tainted by academic scandal, many of the old, authoritarian coaches gone and their successors obliged to bellow, "Please run through that wall." Ahh, but all is not lost: consider the walk-ons*

**BY JOHN UNDERWOOD**

**T**he Coach did not look his best. For one thing, his concession to what he calls "jogging togs" consisted mainly of a faded brown sweat suit and a tattered pair of Keds tennis shoes, reflecting his distaste for that particular athletic endeavor. ("Joggers bore me," he said, "and I resent being one.") For another, his handsome face, forever tanned and yet only modestly creased, was stubbled with gray whiskers and still moist from his run. He had made it in the predawn so nobody would see him. His face was also a little lopsided from a root-canal performed the day before.

He said one of his former players, now an oral surgeon, had given him a bargain rate of \$400 for the work, and it was an offer he couldn't refuse. "A simple extraction of the grieving tooth would have been much cheaper," he said. "But when you get older, you tend to cling to things. That tooth and I go back to some very exciting times."

"Is there a message here somewhere?" I asked, knowing

that The Coach would not otherwise have ordered a meeting at such an ungodly hour.

"Of course," said The Coach. "The 'sobering impermanence of verities.'"

"Uh?" I said.

"We are into the '80s, Scribe. It is an exciting but terribly disquieting time, full of change and portent and promise. And new teeth."

The emerging sun reflected off his monogrammed coffee mug. Except for the driver of a doughnut truck, we were alone in the off-campus café where the mug (which also bears the dates of his championship seasons) has been kept clean and ready for him every morning since his coaching days at M—. His presence at the café still inspires awe and helps get his companions civil treatment from the plump, sullen waitresses.

I poured cream into my own cup—a standard model, stained with use—and waited for him to get to the point.

"I attended the wedding of the daughter of one of my former assistants last weekend," he said. "A lovely girl with ginger-colored hair who used to sell me Girl Scout cookies.



Instead of *Oh Promise Me*, the vocalist sang a Billy Joel original, to the accompaniment of dueling trombones. I couldn't identify it, but it wasn't really so bad. The job got done—the couple got married. You don't always have to agree with the form if the content is correct."

"Coach," I said, yawning discreetly through my nostrils, "your gift for nostalgia is always entertaining, but at 6 a.m. I am slow to recognize what this has to do with the changing '80s and 'new teeth' and...."

I stopped when he raised his hand in a kind of benedictory salute.

"The coaches who set the styles in the '70s, and before that, are almost all gone now," he said bleakly. "Royal and Broyles and Bob Devaney finally got their fill of buttering up 18-year-olds and kicked themselves upstairs, to athletic directorships. John McKay defected to the pros. Parseghian, in the prime of life, found life less nerve-racking as a color man on prime time. Charlie McClendon was forced into retirement. Dan Devine is giving it one more year, then he's out. Woody and Frank Kush got the ax, done in by their own anachronistic intemperance. Shug is dead.

"It's hard to imagine, but our 'elder elite' are now Paterno, Schembechler and Yeoman. And only two of those are what you would call legitimate candidates for the midlife crisis. Don't ask me which two."

"Aren't you forgetting...?"

"Bryant? As my colleagues in the botany department like to say, you don't compare a sequoia with a bunch of pine knots. The Bear is a breed apart."

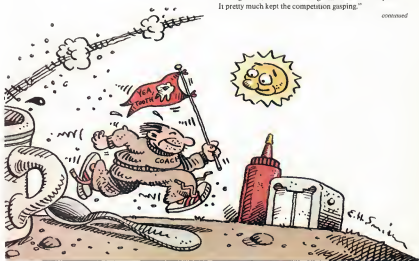
The waitress intervened with fresh coffee, pouring The Coach's automatically and, as an afterthought, freshening mine. I thanked her and she granted amiably in her retreat.

"What does it mean?" The Coach continued. "It means that four coaches—Parseghian, Royal, Devaney and McKay—who accounted for five national championships in the '70s—are no longer in the college game. But more important, a whole way of coaching—and the perceived verities that went with it—has vanished. What did they all have in common? They were...."

"Authoritarians," I said hastily. "But that's not news, Coach."

He wiggled his finger at my coffee cup. "Next time take it black, Scribe. It wakes you quicker. Yes, in their prime, benevolent dictatorship was the accepted form of athletic government, but those times were already changing in the '70s, and coaches with them. Their athletes started hanging around the office and asking why. The coaches not only had to say, 'Please run through that wall,' they had to explain the logic in it. But the real common denominator was the laissez-faire budgetary privileges coaches enjoyed. Money was no object. They passed out scholarships like handbills—60 or 70 a year—often taking athletes just so nobody else'd get 'em, and then treating 'em all like crown princes. It pretty much kept the competition gasping."

*continued*



"So you're telling me that the 'new teeth' elite are the Barry Switzers, John Robinsons, John Majorses, Jackie Sherrills, Lou Holtzes. . ."

"Yes, and. . ."

This time I held up my hand.

"Let me finish. And they are all having to do it by 'relating' to 'only' 30 players a year and the 95-man roster limitation the NCAA imposes. That's not news, either, Coach. You said yourself a couple years ago that the 30/95 rule was necessary to revitalize college football—save flagging economies and juice up the competition. You would have to agree that it is doing those things."

"I did and I do," said The Coach.

"The leveling factor has been very gratifying. I love it when LaVell Edwards has Brigham Young challenging for the Top 10, Bobby Bowden got FSU there, and into a major bowl to boot. Lee Corso took Indiana to a bowl game. Temple beat California in a bowl. Whole conferences have risen up. Not one, but three Atlantic Coast Conference teams beat Georgia, one of the big dogs of the Southeastern. Clemson knocked off Notre Dame."

"But so many things have happened, and so fast. I have serious doubts that those bright new stars in the coaching galaxy"—he flinched at his own cliché, but plunged on—"will, under the circumstances, last as long as their predecessors. I know they won't last as long as Bryant Switzer, by the way, reminds me a lot of the younger Bear."

"I don't understand that part, Coach. Why won't they last. . .?"

"You will, Scribe, you will. Drink up. Get the juices flowing." He drained his mug and held it out as the waitress materialized with the pot. While she poured, he fixed me with his steel-blue eyes. "No matter how good they get at telling funny stories, Scribe, coaches are still conservatives. Never forget it. They may hum along with Billy Joel, but in their hearts they hear *Oh Promise Me*. And nowadays, the Sherrills and the Osbornes and the Robinsons and Holtzes have something else in common."

"You already said it—inflation," I said.

"You're being impertinent, but, yes, that's part of it. They are being asked, by ever-increasing degree, to solve our campus racial problems, our academic problems and our economic problems. They have to be slick and adaptable. They have to make heads and tails out of Title IX, and 'Affirmative Action.' And still finish in the Top 10, of course. It's a tougher job than ever."

"For the coach of the '80s, 30/95 is more than just a formula. It is a symbol of tough times. It embodies both the exigencies of change and the money crunch, and the quality of the game is directly tied to it. Within its application bad things are happening, and some surprising good things."

"Bad things? What bad things?"



They walk right on and they say, "I want to play"

"The limits were well intended, meant to take into consideration the natural attrition rate of football rosters. But in practice, they turned out to be flawed. When you allow a coach to sign 30 athletes a year, but hold the total limit to 95, and mix that with all his other pressures, you get him doing the kind of thing we're seeing now. Wielding the old hatchet. Cutting players—the euphemism is 'not renewing their scholarships.' 'Encouraging' players to leave by generally making their lives miserable."

"Oklahoma had to cut 10 or 12 one year, but had the decency to help get them scholarships elsewhere. It doesn't always work so cordially."

One school is now facing a lawsuit from a player who asked the ultimate "why"—"why me?" Why, indeed. If you seduce a young man into coming to your place over eight or 10 others, and he does his best and keeps his academic nose clean, the least you can do is see to it that he gets his education. Don Fambrough of Kansas wonders if we have the right to cut 'em. He means the moral right. We make the evaluations that bring them in, not the kids. We should be willing to swallow our mistakes. The last thing we need for college football is to revive the days of the trampathlete."

"But, in the final analysis, the fault is neither the coach's nor the player's—it is the NCAA's. Thirty/95 is simply a mathematical mistake."

"I thought you were against increasing the limit to 120."

"Oh, I am, Scribe. I am. I'm against any increase. Ninety-five is plenty. The proof is everywhere. The very best teams seldom recruit the 30 they are allowed every year and almost never reach the 95. USC, for example, recruited only 15 players this winter and has only 87 on scholarship. LSU has never recruited 30 in a single year. Even the schools you'd think would try to load up quickly in order to gain ground have found that being forced to be 'selective' has made them very selective."

"Wisconsin had only 84 players on scholarship last year, and won't reach 90 this year. Oregon State recruited only 23. Jim Dickey of Kansas State says that even with the availability of all those athletes who used to wind up on the bench at Nebraska and Oklahoma, he still finds it difficult to get quality after the first 16 or 17 recruits. He won't have more than 80 on scholarship this year."

"Then what should be the formula?"

"Dick Crum of North Carolina says we should recruit only the number of kids we graduate each year—hold it to that. I like the idea, but it's not practical. Twenty-five a year, however, would be ample, with the stipulation that if you recruit fewer one year you can make up the difference the next, as long as you never exceed 30. Then I would slightly modify the outer limit. Keep 95 as the ros-

ter maximum, but adopt the Football Coaches Association's recommendation that as many as five academic scholarships be made available for players who have reached their senior seasons and are no longer considered squad material. That would allow them to get their degrees—and, at the same time, eliminate the need or the opportunity to run off anybody."

"You mentioned academic troubles. Are you blaming 30/95 for what happened in the Pac-10? Fraudulent grades and transcripts? Half the membership on probation? The Rose Bowl in chaos?"

The Coach sighed ponderously. "That would be much too broad an indictment even for you, Scribe," he said. "There is, however, a correlation."

He paused. Academic fraud in intercollegiate sport is an old nemesis of his, but fighting it has tended to tire him over the years.

"You could look at what happened in the Pac-10 two ways," he said at last. "One, chickens coming home to roost. Something that should be happening all over the country, in every major athletic league and conference—and I mean every conference. Today. What happened on the West Coast might very well be merely the first domino to fall."

"The second way is to see it as a positive thing. An awakening. School presidents and chancellors saying, in effect, 'We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore. No more prostituting the academic process in order to further the athletic. Never mind waiting for the NCAA to do something, we'll clean it up ourselves. Stand aside.'"

"You take the latter view and you see something much stronger coming out of this—a new commitment to virtue and principle. I tend to agree with that latter view. Come to think of it, I tend to agree with both views."

"You're not blaming coaches for this, are you, Coach?" I asked, smiling. "And how does it relate to 30/95?"

He eyed me suspiciously. "No, I never blame coaches," he snapped. "Except the cheaters. I blame the cheaters. But coaches don't allow morons to pass through the educational system, educators do. Coaches don't make it possible for a 4-year-old girl who can't read or write to get college credits, as the Chicago Tribune proved was possible last month. Our administrators have done that. If academicians had spent half as much time caring for and looking after kids as the coaches do, they would have realized a long time ago that you can't satisfy every special interest and cater to every 'noble cause' and still maintain academic fealty."

"But, you say, does that have anything to do with 30/95? Only laterally. A matter of economic necessities crashing head on into coaching realities. First we put unremitting pressure on the coach to win, and to balance the budget. Then we are shocked when, left to his own devices, he finds loopholes in the system and makes the school look bad. We are the fools, not him."

"Limiting a coach to X number of players is not the bad part. The bad part is telling him he has to win, immediately if not sooner, with that number, and then expecting him to go out and recruit class valedictorians when we've made it

possible for him to deal off the bottom. That's not only unrealistic, it's stupid."

The Coach looked at his watch and slid back his chair. "I've got five miles to go to get home, Scribe," he said. "If you've got transportation, I'd advise..."

"Whoo, Coach," I said. "What about those 'surprising good things' you said were happening with the 30/95?"

The Coach smiled lopsidedly and relaxed in his seat. "Oh my, yes," he said. "The walk-ons!"

"Walk-ons? What's so surprising...?"

"It's the happiest, most encouraging change of all. Whenever you look these days you find young men—truly student-athletes—coming out for teams. Even the biggest teams. Coming out because they want to come out. Because they want to play for old Bankrupt Tech, with or without a scholarship, not because they got conned into it."

"It's happening everywhere—the walk-on traffic in American college football is positively booming. Bowden says he gets an 'extraordinary number' at FSU every year. Paterno has taken to holding back a few scholarships to dangle like carrots in front of the 35 walk-ons he averages every year at Penn State. Many others are doing the same. Wayne Hardin at Temple says he actually depends on walk-ons. Of the six captains Temple has had the last two years, four were walk-ons. Gordon Adams of USC is a walk-on quarterback."

"Can you imagine what this is doing for esprit de corps? Not just on the football team, but on the entire campus? Kids working their tails off for a chance to play in a juyvee game, or maybe crack the traveling roster? Kids who weren't seduced or bribed into it, who just want to be a part? I tell you, Scribe, it's positively thrilling."

He got up to leave, removing from the zippered pocket of his sweat pants a crumpled bill and depositing it beside his empty mug. He tapped his swollen jaw and grinned.

"Incidentally," he said, "this was done by a former walk-on. *Quid pro quo*. Like I've always told you, Scribe, the system can work."

The Coach was already jogging when he hit the door.

CONTINUED

And on that hopeful note, Scribe,  
you'll forgive me if I jog on out





# GREEN LIGHT FOR THE PANTHERS

Nobody stops Defensive End Hugh Green, the best athlete in college football, which means Pitt could be going to the very top **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

**I**t was at the University of Pittsburgh that the Salk polio vaccine was discovered. The school has also fielded nine national football champions, and so far no one has tried to devise an antidote for Panther fever. Bet the home-stand no one will this year, either, for on these muggy summer days, Pitt fans are dreading of 11 cool fall football afternoons in the offing, and daring to whisper that the Panthers have a shot at a 10th national title. What's more, they're talking right out loud about the wonders that will be wrought by the player widely believed to be college football's best, the Natchez nonpareil, Hugh Green.

This is the same atmosphere that was to be found on the school's urban campus before the 1976 season, when Pitt won its most recent title. Then the player was Tony Dorsett, the running back from nearby Aliquippa, Pa., whose achievements were not only spectacularly visible to the folks in Pitt Stadium but also were made known to the nation at large on television and in the weekly offensive statistics sent out by the NCAA. But this time the player of particular note isn't a hometown guy, doesn't score touchdowns and isn't even on the NCAA stat sheets. That's because Hugh Green hails from Mississippi and is a defensive end.

Conservative evaluators of college football talent say Green is the defen-

sive player in what should be a vintage year for that category. Others proclaim that Green is so easily the best collegiate player—on offense or defense—that he has lapped the field. To Frank Broyles, athletic director at Arkansas, Green is "all-world." Syracuse Coach Frank Maloney believes Green's skills are so superior that "he just shouldn't be playing college football."

Maloney, whose Orangemen tackle Pitt on Nov. 1, has ample reason to want Green to be somewhere else. In the three years since Green arrived at Pittsburgh, Maloney's offensive-minded Orangemen have been beaten in all three games. The Greening of Syracuse isn't a pretty phrase on Piety Hill.

In college football—unlike the situation in the pros—a single dominating defensive player is enormously important because he controls strategy on both sides of the line. "In the pros they have this secret technique for neutralizing a great defensive player," says a top collegiate coach. "You may have heard of it. It's called holding."

John Marshall, a former assistant at Southern Cal who now is the coach of the special teams at Green Bay, says, "The value of an outstanding individual in the college game has to do with the level of talent. In college the players not only aren't as good, but the truly good

*continued*

*Green takes north from Natchez, his hometown, to the city of "black snow" and athletic marvels*

ones are spread out." Oklahoma Defensive Coordinator Rex Norris says, "A great college defensive player dominates everybody he plays against. In the pros, there's a balance of super-players."

Thus, in college football a team not only weakens its own offense by double- or even triple-teaming a player like Green, but its own defensive game plan must take into consideration the fact that there can be no slumps: the offense can't be expected to compensate for defensive lapses. The result is often overcautious defense. In short, rivals are forced to alter their entire style of play, not just their offensive plans.

Says Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill, "Hugh Green, with his maturity and his intensity, gives us enormous flexibility. Even on offense we can gamble more." The outlook is not entirely hopeless, of course, when a team finds itself up against a lights-out defender like Green, or Florida State's Ron Simmons, or UCLA's Kenny Easley (see boxes). "The other team does have a choice," Texas Coach Fred Akers says. "It can run away from him."

Fearless Lou Holtz at Arkansas prefers to go whole Hog. "A great player dominates and intimidates," he concedes. "You get so engrossed with handling a super-player like Green that you lose sight of how you're going to win. Actually, our philosophy is to run right at a great defensive player."

Does it work?

"Naw. We get beat. But at least he makes the tackle quick on us, and we don't waste film."

What exactly does Green do? Ray Zingler, Pitt's defensive end coach, says, "He does two things. First, he'll rip your head off, then he'll cut your heart out."

No wonder then, that Green has been named to 12 All-America teams. In 1978 he was on the Walter Camp Foundation first-team All-America squad, the first sophomore ever to be so honored. After playing only two years at Pitt he was picked for the school's all-time team, which dates back to 1910. If there was any justice, Green would be sharing the preseason lead in the race for the Heisman Trophy with Ohio State Quarterback Art Schlichter. However, his chances aren't good. The last non-back to win the Heisman was Notre Dame End Leon Hart, in 1949. You would think Green should be in hot contention for the Out-

land Trophy, though it is supposed to be awarded to the outstanding interior lineman. On that basis, he would certainly be ineligible because he doesn't play an interior line position. That seems somewhat unfair, however, for the fact is that Ross Browner won the Outland Trophy in 1976. Browner was a defensive end. Those responsible for giving the award say that Browner won "by mistake." Well, at least there should be no mistaking that Green is the preseason favorite for the Lombardi Award, which goes to the outstanding college lineman.

Who then goes to the pros. Gil Brandt, the Dallas Cowboys' vice-president for personnel development, says Green has the greatest ability of any of this year's group of draft eligibles. Ralph Goldston, East Coast scout for Seattle, says, "If there's anybody better than Green, I'd

sure like to see him. Green's not only tough, he's mean as hell." Goldston says Green could well be the first pick in the entire draft. One of the most active sports agents, Jack Mills of Boulder, Colo., estimates that Green should command \$1 million—perhaps a four-year contract worth \$600,000 in salary and another \$350,000 to \$500,000 in bonuses. Says Green, "It's sure fun when everything is going your way. Football is first with me; everything else is second. Let's be honest, it's the only thing I can do."

Relaxing in his dorm room (WELCOME TO THE FRIENDLIEST PLACE IN TOWN, says a sign on the wall), Green reflects on his craft. "See, on defense, all we want to do is hit, get up, and then hit harder the next time," he says. "If you're gonna play at Pitt, you're gonna hit. Offense is more finesse, the witty and brainy types. Of-

## TOP NOSEGUARD: RON SIMMONS

Coach Bobby Bowden of Florida State has a 6'1", 240-pound All-America noseguard named Ron Simmons. You wouldn't hire Bowden to write a love letter for you, but when he describes Simmons you detect a hint of affection. "If he were three inches taller, he'd be illegal," Simmons says. "In one sense, Simmons reminds me of a cockroach. You don't worry so much about what a roach eats or totes off. It's what he falls into and messes up."

Nobody in the land plays noseguard better than Simmons, and it's a fair bet that nobody has messed up more things, including arch-enemy Florida's domination of Florida State. Before Simmons arrived, the Seminoles had beaten Florida twice. In history. In the three years Simmons has been on the scene, Florida State is 3 and 0. That helps explain why Simmons is the Seminoles' biggest football hero ever.

Last year, after Arizona State fell to Florida State 31-3, the Sun Devil coach, Frank Kush, said of Simmons, "We tried everything—double-teaming, running away from him, boxing, holding, you name it. Nothing worked. That No. 50, he just plunk ate our lunch. He may be the best noseguard I've ever seen."

After sitting out the first half of last year's Cincinnati game with a fractured left wrist and watching his teammates fall behind 21-7, Simmons came in for the second half in the offensive huddle, a Cincinnati running



Simmons uses his prodigious strength to shed double- and sometimes triple-teaming blockers



fensive players can't stand being physical. Me, if I don't crush someone on a play, I'm disappointed. Let's be truthful. Fans like the sport because of the violence, which is also why I like it."

Ah, yes, the violence. Sherrill says, "Hugh has one speed, full. And he has that explosive strength. He's so reckless and so quick. Nobody in college football can block him." He runs 40 yards in a certified (by Seattle's Goldson) 4.63 seconds, halfback speed.

Oklahoma State Coach Jimmy Johnson, a former Pitt assistant, says Green "has the agility of a 170-pounder. He is never off his feet, just like a cat." A very mean cat, albeit a very cooperative one. Says Johnson, "Whatever you ask him to do on the football field, he'll do it better than anybody has ever done it before. You can build your entire defense

around him. Heck, you can build your entire team around him. If Hugh Green is on your team, you're automatically one of the finest in the country."

Which is what Pitt is this year. "Having Hugh," says sophomore Quarterback Dan Marino, "is a great comfort to me. It means I go into a game figuring if we score two touchdowns, we can win. He gives me an awful lot of confidence." In the Panther defense, Green tells his buddies to plug up the middle and he'll take everything wide—around both ends. He lines up at defensive end over the tackle 60% of the time, but at times he plays linebacker, either outside or inside. In these intricate times Pitt is booming Green as a Heisman and Lombardi candidate at defensive end as well as an All-America candidate again. Because Green himself doesn't decide where he will play

continued



Lucy Berry fancies her charge, if not football.

back took one look at the new face across the line and realized that the next 30 minutes of play would be different. "Oh, hell, look what they've sent us now," he said. That concern was well taken. Simmons shut down the Bearcat offense and Florida State came back for a 26-21 win. Last April Simmons had a bone graft on the wrist. It kept him out of spring practice, but he is healed now and a relieved Bowden says, "The biggest thing is to see what happens to us when he's not in there. That's what's scary."

What's really scary is the way Simmons plays. In 1979 he had 65 solo tackles and two blocked kicks; he forced two fumbles and recovered two more. He had six sacks and 17 additional tackles behind the line of scrimmage. Primarily because of Simmons, the Seminoles

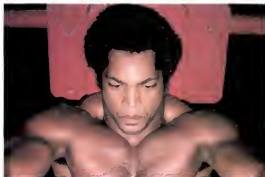
were undefeated until they were beaten by Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl.

As it was for Pitt's Hugh Green, Simmons' pre-college major was hard knocks. His mother died when he was in third grade. Two years later, Ron came home from school and saw a truck in front of his house. He was thrilled because "it means something new must be being delivered." But on closer inspection, he saw the men from the truck were carrying things out of his home. At which point Simmons' father drove up in his '65 Pontiac and Ron asked, "Why are they taking everything out, Daddy?" He never got an answer, Simmons recalls. "The only thing I remember is that Dad made a right at the corner. I've never seen him again. Never heard from him. I don't know if he's dead or alive."

Seven brothers and sisters were left on the curb; Ron subsequently was raised by an uncle and a grandmother.

The next few years weren't a lot better for Simmons. Going to school one day in Warner Robins, Ga., he fell and broke his right arm, and when the cast came off, the arm was much thinner than the left. Simmons wore long-sleeved shirts that swabbed summer to conceal the disparity and started weightlifting to build up his arm. At first he worked out with cement-filled tin cans, then he moved up to bench-pressing anything at hand: his bed, and any kids who happened by. Finally, with money he had earned working in a cafeteria, he bought a home gym that he had seen advertised for \$40 in a comic book. Nowadays Simmons lifts 90 minutes a day (he has a 20-inch neck) and can bench-press a whopping 525 pounds. But more than strength, agility and smarts is needed to play noseguard, perhaps the least desirable position in the game. When asked what kind of person is ideally suited for it, Simmons replies, "Someone who likes to be abused." He laughs and says, "No, I don't really mean that, but believe me, you do get mauled in that pickup of players. If someone told me you don't have to be strong to play this position, I would call him a liar. I know."

Nonetheless, whether taking it or giving it on the field, Simmons relishes the challenge. "You set out to do something in life," he says, "so you can say you're proud. Still, right now I'm a long way from doing all of what I set out to do." Which is gloomy news for the 11 teams on Florida State's schedule.



until the last second, the opposing offense hasn't a clue, and it isn't unusual to see rival linemen missing blocks and tangling each other up, so intent are they on making their assignments to get a piece of Green.

Last year Green made 76 solo tackles and was in on 59 others. He nailed the quarterback 11 times for -102 yards. Green will be double- and triple-teamed as usual this fall, but he'll fight off his attackers and make his tackles. The concentration on him will free other members of the talented Pitt defense, which in Brandt's estimation will provide eight pro draft picks, to pounce and pillage. Defensive Coordinator Serafino Fazio says the only time his unit worries is when the Pitt offense fumbles the ball inside its own 10. Says Hugh, "This could be the year that Pitt had everything and

didn't do nothing. Or the year that Pitt had it and did it."

Green, who is 21, grew up fatherless in Natchez and his mother died when he was six. He was taken in by his aunt, Lucy Berry, and her husband, Eltee, Eltee, a masonry worker, says, "Hugh always thought I was rough and mean on him. I wasn't mean. But I was rough because I wanted to get it in him that whatever you do, you do it right."

Back then, a big time for Green consisted of rolling a tire down the street with a stick during the day and sitting on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi at night. He used to spend a lot of time under the bridge that leads to Vidalia, fishing for perch and catfish, but even that was not exactly a thrill-a-minute activity. "I never caught much," says Green. "I'd just beat at the water with

my pole." When he was 13, Hugh ran away from home. He slept overnight on a parked bus in Natchez. The next morning a policeman spotted him sitting in a tree overlooking the Mississippi, sulking. "How old are you?" the cop shouted up to the youngster. Said Green, "Thirty-five." That witticism got him thrown into jail. A kindly judge later said to Hugh, who was obviously well built even then, "You ever tried football? That would be better for you than running away." Green took his advice.

The first team Hugh played for was a junior high squad that went 0-4 in a curtailed season. In high school Green thought so many players at North Natchez were better than he that he quit football. But the empty afternoons got to him, and so did Eltee Berry's philosophy. So Green tried again. Since then, he has nev-



## TOP SAFETY: KENNY EASLEY

It was the height of incongruity. Polite, gentle, easygoing UCLA senior Kenny Easley, seated in the relaxed surroundings of a rooftop restaurant, looking down on Sunset Boulevard and, in his soft-spoken way, evaluating the manner in which he plays football: "On the field I'm related to a maniac, I guess, or a wild man."

At the very least, the 6' 3", 206-pound Easley plays with the storied abandon favored by coaches since Amos Alonzo Stagg was in his heyday, and this is what makes him the best defensive back in college football today. Indeed, there is a feeling in some interested

quarters that Easley just may be the best defensive back in collegiate history.

"I like to hit," understates Easley. "I dream about it." Easley is also very versatile. Says UCLA Coach Terry Donahue, "Kenny would realistically have a chance to be first string at any position on the field." But Easley, who was an outstanding high school quarterback, demurs, saying, "I don't think I have any astonishing qualities as a passer or as a runner." There had been some thought last season that Easley might become the Bruins' quarterback. He is not disappointed it did not come about. "As free safety here at UCLA, I make all the checks in the secondary and shade the defense, to make the calls for our alignment set. I don't miss the mental challenge and leadership of the offense because I'm doing the same thing with the defense. The jobs are similar."

It took Easley only three years to establish a UCLA career interception record of 17, which isn't surprising because he is a student of the interception. "There's a key to interceptions," he says. "No. 1 is to put yourself in proper alignment. Two, in good field position. Three, making a good cutoff point. Four, reading a quarterback's eyes and body. When I say eyes, I mean the head, the helmet, the shoulders, the entire head structure and upper body." Further, he is a student of the open-field tackle, the key is getting the man with the ball where he wants him. His 158 unassisted tackles are testament to his scholarship. "The sideline is my silent partner," says Easley. "If

*Easley is famed for hard hits at UCLA, but away from the gridiron he shops them with a hug*



or considered quitting. "I couldn't do that," he says. "That would be like finding out the king was gay."

Coach Tom Williams of North Natchez says, "A Hugh Green comes along about once every 20 years. We were hard on him, but we got the max out of him." In his senior year Green made 116 solo tackles and was in on 58 more. "The main thing we taught him," says Robert Smith, the school's defensive line coach, "is that playing defense is an honor." Which makes it an honor for everybody watching him except, perhaps, Aunt Lucy, who confesses, "I know he's good, real good, and I'm so proud of him. The only problem is I never have fancied football."

And recruiters traditionally have not fancied Natchez as a breeding ground for football talent. Thus, Green was lightly recruited. Mississippi State was the only

major school to show serious interest, and Green signed a letter of intent. That was the winter of 1976. Pitt had hired Sherrill after Johnny Majors, then leading the Panthers to a national championship, announced he'd be leaving for Tennessee. Sherrill was raised on a chicken ranch in Biloxi and therefore pays particular attention to prospects from Mississippi. He had his eye on a tailback from Pascagoula named Rooster Jones, who had scored 52 touchdowns. While studying films of Jones, which included a game with North Natchez, Sherrill and his assistants kept noticing a Natchez kid who seemed to be playing in the Pascagoula backfield. It was Green, doing his thing. Ultimately, Jones, who also had signed with Mississippi State, defected to Pittsburgh and urged Green to check the school out.

"I went," says Green. "And after one day I called home and said, 'I hate it, it's ugly. Have you ever seen black snow?' Next day I called home and said, 'I love it, it's gorgeous. You should see this pretty snow.'" The turnaround was caused by the Pitt players, whom he liked (Dorsett, by now a Dallas Cowboy rookie, phoned Green and said, "They really do want you. You must be real good"), and Sherrill, whom he believed. Sherrill told Green, "I'm not going to pay you to go to Pitt. And I'm not going to say you'll start or even play. But if you're good, you'll get more publicity here in one year than you will at any other school in four."

As it was, Mississippi State had pretty much ignored Green after getting his signature on a letter of intent, and Hugh, a gentle but emotional person off the field, doesn't deny he was flattered by the attention from the North. "I hate to admit it," he says, "but I think I went to Pitt because I wanted to get on national TV and say, 'Hi, Mom.'" He has. He has also given his bowdies to many an opposing quarterback, running back, wide receiver, tight end and offensive tackle who has strayed into his path, which is somewhat wider than a church door. Runners find Green's long arms (his reach is 36") arresting, and his tackles punishing, although at 6' 7/8" and 222 pounds he is not of epic size. ("I know I'm 6' 2", Green contends. "I've always been 6' 2". But the pro scouts measured me different. Why would they want to make me shorter?")

Although Sherrill and others deny it, the truth is that Green was a come-along with Jones, who has turned out to be a good but not lights-out kind of player at Pitt. Says Rooster now, "Hugh has hit me a lot but never the way he wants to. And I wouldn't want him to. Man, if he has a weakness, it's only in his dreams, because when he gets on the field, he's all real."

The Pitt coaches began to suspect they had something special when, the summer before he reported, Green asked to look at films. "The great ones, like Dorsett and Green, are all alike," says Sherrill. "They sit in the front row at team meetings, look you in the eye and ask you questions."

But Sherrill normally doesn't start freshmen. So in Green's first game, against Notre Dame, Hugh was forced to watch from the bench—until the sec-

continued

you give a runner two ways to go, then he can manipulate you."

Easley seldom has been manipulated, going back to his career at Oscar Smith High in Chesapeake, Va. "I never thought anyone would come down to a little town such as Chesapeake to recruit what was really a country boy," he says. It helped that his brick-mason father, Kenny Sr., was a fervent UCLA fan, which was the major reason Kenny ended up going to school clear across the country from his home. Ducky Drake, UCLA's trainer, says, "If we had 22 Easleys, we wouldn't need a 23rd."

Sadly, the Bruins don't have 21 Easleys and have such a rigorous schedule this year that Easley might not get the nationwide attention he deserves. But that won't take away from the glittery play of this articulate history major with a 2.975 grade average. He failed to become an academic All-America (3.0 is required) because he missed a midterm exam (He was in Phoenix filming a TV promotional message on drug abuse for the NCAA.) The instructor wouldn't let him make it up. Thus, an A on the final gave Easley a D for the course.

Starting out at the California night, Easley talked of the joys of playing free safety: "I take the game very seriously. It means a great deal to me, and I never look at it as being drudgery. There are thousands of young athletes who have the ability but just don't have the drive and determination to go out and pur-

sue a goal. Not only do I want to put the ballcarrier on the ground, but I want to let him know that Kenny Easley tackled him—that he shouldn't be running in my territory. I like to initiate contact rather than receive it, but I don't play the game to hurt anyone. Once I see the man getting up that clears my conscience that I didn't hurt him or that he didn't get hurt falling. The satisfaction is that I might put a little fear in a guy's heart next time he comes into my land."

His most jarring lick, in Easley's opinion, was one he put on Stanford's All-America flanker, Ken Margerum, two seasons ago when Margerum "caught a pass—well, he attempted to catch a pass—down the left sideline. He didn't see me, I saw him. It was the most vicious lick I ever delivered." He wants his hits solid and clean. Says Easley, "I want to look good, feel good and play good."

Easley is also good at learning from errors. His first television interview came when he announced his signing with UCLA. Afterward, his high school coach, Tommy Rhodes, called and said, "Kenny, my wife and I listened intently to the interview. You used 23 'you knows.'" Today, Easley carefully monitors his speech and says of that phrase, "It chills me. It shows lack of continuity and thought in the speech process." There's no lack of continuity and thought in anything Kenny Easley does, which is why the Bruins' assistant coach, Tom Hayes, sees him as "simply a rare gem."



Plotting strategy. Coach Jackie Sherrill muses that "even on the offensive, Pitt can gamble more."

#### HUGH GREEN continued

and play. Green was first string for the rest of the season and went on to be a second-team All America. The only time Green is benched now is in Pitt's practice sessions. "I guess this is unfair to Hugh," says Fazio, "but there's no need to embarrass our own players."

"You don't teach a player to do what Green does," says Goldston. "It's God-given." Sherrill agrees, saying, "We, as coaches, always take a lot of the credit. But the fact is, we learn an awful lot more from Hugh Green than he learns from us. What we learn from him we try to teach to others." Zingler is in awe of Green. On first meeting him, Zingler said, "Hugh, I hope I can contribute in some small way to your becoming a better football player." Said Green, "Coach, you can. I can get better every day." Nobody questions Hugh's want-to. Says Zingler, "When he puts his game face on, you know he's going to go as good as he can. He senses he has a great obligation to himself. And he never leaves anything for tomorrow."

At Natchez, where Coach Williams once said, "Hugh doesn't play for North Natchez, he is North Natchez," Green was elbowed one time during a scrimmage for a hit that wasn't up to standard. With that, Hugh backed up, then tore into the blocking sled with such force that he totaled it.

"I do find," Green muses, "that something like a forearm up alongside the head

does seem to settle most folks down."

For all his strength, Green hasn't been big on lifting weights. "White guys lift weights," he says with a laugh. "Black guys play basketball." Only recently has Green started lifting, explaining, "For us to win a national championship, everyone on this team has to do something he ordinarily doesn't do. For me, that's weights. Besides, these pro scouts come in and ask for Hugh's chart, and if Hugh doesn't have a chart, Hugh's in trouble." Green also conditions himself by running, often from dawn to exhaustion in the off-season, but basically he's one of nature's bounties: a great body that stays in great shape naturally.

There are only minor caveats about his football future. Brandt says, "The fact that God didn't make him four inches taller hurts. So in the pros he'll be switched to linebacker, and sometimes there are problems with converting a player." That doesn't prevent Brandt from rating Green as the most talented senior player in the nation. Goldston agrees but says, "I don't think his lack of height is a negative, the way he plays." For his part, Green admits he sometimes takes his eye off the quarterback and that occasionally his drop-back pass coverage isn't perfect.

Green's prowess dictates that he be something of a team leader, and so he is, leading by example, not with his mouth. Says Sherrill, "You don't see snakes jumping around. They coil up real quietly, then strike. That's Hugh."

Green and Sherrill have a warm, respectful relationship. Early on, Green told his coach that he was going to buy a \$13,000 Thunderbird. Sherrill said, "I can't let you do that. The NCAA would be on us so hard. Buy a used car." Green did, a 1976 Cougar for \$3,500, and says gratefully, "Everything Coach Sherrill tells me is right. You need somebody older and wiser. . . . Besides, I think he knows what he's talking about."

Why?

"Because when he was a player at Alabama, he bought a Corvette." George

Burns never set up a punch line so perfectly.

In addition to his scholarship, Green gets a monthly \$130 Social Security check as a result of his mother's death. He divides it thusly car payment, \$129.10; eating out, trips, gasoline, clothes, miscellaneous, 50¢.

But if that kind of budgeting seems a bit odd, it's not troublesome for Green. After all, he was never rolling in dollars in Natchez and 90¢ is, he says, "still more than nothing." Green is very tight with a buck. He pointed down rooms at Pitt two summers ago for \$4 an hour, and a friend says, "He saved about \$3.95 of it." Among Green's favorite possessions are his stereo (bought for \$90 when he was in junior high), his bike (bought for \$40 in high school) and a black and white television (so old that even Green is hazy about when he acquired it, but not the price, \$100).

Hand in hand with Green's frugality



Wading in to help stop Penn State's Melf Soboty. Green (99) shows first-team All-America stuff.

is a down-home self-sufficiency and directness. Hugh cooks, irons and sews. Indeed, one of his favorite outfits includes a long-sleeved blue and white shirt he made himself. Green is not the least self-conscious about his home-making abilities. "I think it's a good idea to be able to take care of yourself," he says.

Green also thinks of himself very clearly: he is a football player, not a thinker, not a raconteur, not a man of many talents. Life revolves around football for Hugh Green; the other parts of his days are left to sort of take care of themselves. "I spend a lot of time answering the telephone," he says. "Mostly it's girls calling." But hanging from the rearview mirror of his car is a Capricorn medallion, given to Green by a girl friend in Mississippi to keep the other girls away. "Does it work, Hugh?"

"Naw."

Green is docile and malleable when

not between the sidelines. If things don't work out today, maybe they will tomorrow. If not then, maybe the next day.

The only off-field concern about Green, who gets high marks in the column headed "Good Person" right down the line, is that he is so open, so friendly that he is given to going down the street with anybody. There have been associations that didn't thrill Sherrill, but when he mentioned his feelings, Green immediately saw the light. A part of the problem is that Hugh Green, by his own admission, is just a country boy seeing city lights—and he loves the view. He also loves the celebrity.

Recently, for example, Hugh and a companion walked into Primanti's restaurant in Pittsburgh's wholesale district. All heads turned. Green ordered a huge sandwich—ham, eggs, cheese, cole slaw and tomato between two ridiculously large pieces of Italian bread. When it arrived, the companion was horrified to be

served an identical sandwich and asked, "How in the world can I eat that?" Waitress Candy Carter said, "Want me to put some whipped cream on it?" Green erupted in laughter. "Sure is fun when you're a winner," he said.

Sherrill, in letters to his players this summer, warned them that "the air is getting awful thick about the possibility of us winning the National Championship in 1980" and to watch their mouths.

That's one piece of Sherrill's advice Hugh Green is having trouble with. After all, when you are the best, it's hard to be humble. "We see nobody directly beating us," Green says. "We think about our talent, and we fall out laughing. Nobody is better in the country than our front five. Then we have Marino, and there isn't anyone else like Big Mac [Fullback Randy McMillan]. We know we got it. We're a better team than the Pitt team that won it all in 1976. All they had was Tony Dorsett."

CONTINUED



## THE TOP 20

## SCOUTING REPORTS

## 1. PITT

As if Steel City fans don't have enough to gloat about, what with the NFL-champion Steelers and the World Series-winning Pirates, the University of Pittsburgh seems set to give the City of Champions yet another reason to celebrate. In addition to defensive standout Hugh Green, the Panthers have a wealth of experience and are coming off an 11-1 season. But it is a sophomore who holds the key. Last season, in his first game, Dan Marino replaced the injured three-year starter, Rick Trocano, at quarterback and completed 22 of 30 passes against Navy. Marino's stats for six full games—which included a 59.59 completion percentage—put him 10th in the NCAA efficiency standings. And his best game was also his biggest. Against Penn State he went 17 for 32 in a 29-14 victory.

In that game Fullback Randy McMillan picked up 114 yards on the ground and 93 on pass plays, for three touchdowns. He returns as the McStrength of the backfield, while Tight End Benjie Pryor is tops in Marino's receiving corps. Pryor made All-East in '79, catching 45 passes for 588 yards.

The linemen protecting Marino are, man for man, larger than the Steelers who keep the heat off Terry Bradshaw, and have logged almost as much time playing together. They include an Outland Trophy candidate, Tackle Mark May (6' 6", 282 pounds), who didn't let his man touch either Trocano or Marino once all last season.

On defense, Green is but one of nine seniors returning to a group ranked fourth in the nation in total defense, allowing only 184.3 yards a game. That defense, according to Coach Jackie Sherrill, only began to jell as a unit in the 26-14 victory over Washington. It peaked against Penn State, forcing 12 punts.

On Oct. 25, Pitt will get a chance to show Johnny Majors, Sherrill's predecessor as Panther head coach, just what kind of a house Jackie has built in four years. Says Sherrill, "It's a nice challenge any time you get a chance to play your employer of eight years." It's even nicer when you get to play him on the way to a national championship.



Columbus is riding high on the Buckeyes and with good reason, considering the flourish with which Ohio State closed out last season: five straight victories by the lopsided total score of 226-20, an 18-15 defeat of archrival Michigan and then a Rose Bowl game that was lost to mighty USC by a single point. To be sure, Ohio State didn't exactly overwhelm Northwestern, the Big Ten's flyweight, and two other victories, over Minnesota and UCLA, were squeakers. What's more, Coach of the Year Earle Bruce, who proved to be something of a genius in molding last year's supposedly so-so team into a contender, and the man who brought the word respectability into currency at Iowa State, has yet to demonstrate what he can do with a team that is expected to win. Which is what Ohio State is expected to do every year.

But just about every Buckeye who mattered is back again, most significantly UPI's Big Ten Player of the Year Art Schlichter. A two-year starter at quarterback, Schlichter already is Ohio State's alltime leading passer, although he is now entering his junior year. He can be electrifying. Against UCLA, with State trailing 13-10 and time running out, Schlichter hit six consecutive passes in an 80-yard drive that produced the game-winning touchdown. Schlichter also seems to have eliminated the one flaw in his repertoire. As a freshman he was intercepted 21 times, but after a year's experience at spotting camouflaged defenses, he had only six passes picked off last season.

Gliding under those passes once again will be Doug (White Lightning) Donley, who, after hauling in 37 for 800 yards in 1979, is a good bet to become the alltime leading Buckeye receiver, and Gary Williams, whose 25 catches included a 67-yarder for a touchdown in the Rose Bowl. Back, too, is Tailback Calvin Murray, the leading rusher, and Tim Spencer, an undersized (6' 1", 204 pounds) but very quick fullback. Bruce can also call on Vaughn Broadnax, a freshman fullback from Xenia, Ohio and the state schoolboy heavyweight wrestling champion. Another freshman figures to press Tight End Brad Dwelle for game time, namely Judd Groza, whose dad is The Toe.

On defense, eight starters return to a unit that was the most difficult to score on in the Big Ten, allowing only 9.9 points per game. Linebacker Alvin Washington was the team's leading tackler last season, and he and Tackle Jerome Foster are the linchpins of a redoubtable defense. The secondary is all veteran and all hard-hitting, most notably Cornerback Todd Bell. If the Buckeyes have weaknesses, they could be at the offensive middle, where there are new faces at guard, center and both tackles, but Guard Joe Lukens looks like a good one.

"A year ago we had no confidence," says Donley. "Even when we were rolling, no one seemed too secure. But this year we know what we can do." Which, presumably, means win the whole thing.



## 3. NEBRASKA

Poker players whose hole cards are hiding a full house try not to jump up and down, but sometimes it's difficult not to. So when Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne says, "We could be a good team," something must be up. Something is. Tom Osborne has a heckuva hand.

Although four of five starters in each interior line and All-America Tight End Junior Miller have moved on, Osborne has reason to be confident. Miller, who was drafted in the first round by the Atlanta Falcons, was pushed all last season by Jeff Finn and Steve Davies, both of whom are now seniors with two letters apiece. There was so much depth at the position, Osborne often used a two-tight-end offense. He will again.

As for the offensive line, the Cornhuskers annually rebuild that, because being a senior is practically a prerequisite for starting in Lincoln. The surprise first-teamer this season is Tackle Randy Theris, only the fourth sophomore lineman in 10 years to start for the Cornhuskers. And though Defensive End Derrin Nelson may be the only returning starter on the line that ranked second in the nation in rushing defense (93.1 yards per game), he is, in Osborne's words, "as good a defensive end as we've ever had." Says Nelson modestly, "In our system the linebackers control a lot of things and we're strong there." Strong means seniors Brent Williams and Kim Baker, who had 172 tackles between them, backed up by sophomores Steve McWhirter and Steve Damkroger. The fact is, the Cornhuskers are loaded. "This is the fastest and strongest team we've ever had," Osborne concedes, an admission that should chill Nebraska opponents.

Although Tailback Jarvis Redwine rushed for 1,100 yards, averaged 6.7 yards a carry and scored nine touchdowns despite a late-season ankle injury, he is considered even with, not ahead of, Craig Johnson, who has bulked up from 185 to 197 pounds. Also on hand is sophomore Roger Craig, who led all the Cornhusker ballcarriers in the spring game with 79 yards rushing. "We have such good backs that this year I shouldn't have to run much," says Quarterback Jeff Quinn. A part-time starter last year, Quinn had been criticized for running too much, starting with the opener, a 35-14 defeat of Utah State, in which he gained 112 yards on 19 carries. All told, Quinn ran 77 times for 245 yards in his four starts, while completing 57 of 110 passes for 702 more.

Nebraska's schedule is in its favor. Non-conference opponents are rebuilding, and the Huskers' toughest Big Eight games are at home, including the last of the season—the showdown with Oklahoma Nov. 22. By then Osborne's cards should all be on the table, and a No. 1 ranking could be on the line.



## 4. ALABAMA

From tight end to split end, Alabama's entire national championship offensive line is gone. So, too, are the quarterback and fullback. Thus the Tide attack in next week's opener against Georgia Tech will boast a grand total of two seasoned starters. The defense, at least as it looked in spring practice, left Coach Bear Bryant none too thrilled, either. "Some people on defense have high opinions of themselves," growled Bryant. "That makes for large heads and small hearts."

But don't dial 911, or begin to imagine that the likes of Georgia will dominate the Southeastern Conference. Alabama has lost a player or two before, and of Bryant's last seven teams, five won 11 games and one won 12. The have-nots over that stretch, those underachievers of 1976, won only nine.

That it may take some time for the offense to coalesce doesn't mean much if opponents can't score. Sixteen starters and reserves return from the 1979 defensive unit that allowed just 58 points all season and flat shut out five opponents. That grudging group includes all-conference honorees E.J. Junior, Byron Braggs, Thomas Boyd, Jim Bob Harris and Tommy Wilcox.

Don Jacobs, 6'2" senior, makes his debut as starting quarterback. He's the guy who came off the bench to get the Tide a rousing come-from-behind 27-17 victory over Tennessee last October. Jacobs averaged 6.1 yards a carry in 73 tries and threw for two touchdowns, though he attempted only 23 passes. He has four potential targets: James Mallard, Jesse Bendross, Joey Jones and Keith Marks; Marks' main claim to fame is that his first college catch became a 48-yard TD.

Major Ogilvie, the Sugar Bowl MVP, and Billy Jackson, runner-up to Ogilvie by half a vote, provide experience and quality at halfback, while Mark Nix (five yards a carry), James Haney (4.9) and Mitch Ferguson (4.2), among others, supply additional running power. Up front is a lot of youth, but it isn't all that callow, five linemen having played enough to win letters.

Cornerback Boyd likens this year's offense to last year's defense. "We were young and matched up with a great veteran offense last spring and they made us look lousy," he says, "...until we got into a game and faced somebody else. Then the trouble was gone." Says Line Coach Dee Powell: "We lack experience but not guts or pride. I'll be surprised if we're not right where we want to be after a few games."

Incentive runs high. Alabama is shooting for an unprecedented third straight national title, and Bryant has one more personal goal, to surpass Amos Alonzo Stagg's record of 314 victories and become college football's winningest coach ever. Bear, with 296, can't do it this year, but every win brings him closer.



continued

## 5. HOUSTON

There was a time when Houston was scorned as "Cougar High," but Coach Bill Yeoman's teams have played in the Cotton Bowl three of the last four years, and around the SWC the game is now being called "The Cougar Invitational." Most of the credit goes to master innovator Yeoman, who each year wins, despite signing fewer blue chip prospects than any other SWC contender. Before last season, the Dallas Cowboys' personnel chief, Gil Brandt, correctly predicted that Houston would win the SWC. When skeptics pointed out that the Cougars had lost quite a few starters, Brandt replied, "Yeah, but Bill Yeoman's back."

And so he is once again, filling the gaps (seven of them left on the defense this fall) in his usual Yeoman fashion. Two nongaps are defensive tackles Hosea Taylor and Leonard Mitchell, who will be clogging up the middle, as is their wont. Taylor is 6' 5", 265 pounds; Mitchell is 6' 7", 270 pounds. Taylor made headlines when, with four seconds remaining at Arkansas, he blocked a field-goal try that would have given the Razorbacks a 13-13 tie. Instead the Cougars won the game, and the conference title. Mitchell is agile enough to play on Houston's basketball team, where he scored 62 points and had 64 rebounds in 1978-79. And if the Cougars ever field a gourmand squad, they're both in. At a Dallas steak house recently, each consumed two 24-ounce sirloins. Cornerback Donnie Love, who had five interceptions in his sophomore year, is the top returnee to the secondary that ranked 10th in the nation in '79.

Running from Yeoman's veer will be 5' 9", 196-pound Terral Clark and 5' 11", 205-pound John Newhouse (a cousin of the Cowboys' Robert Newhouse), who together accounted for over 1,700 yards last season. Quarterback Terry Elston, a backup to Delrick Brown last year, came off the bench four times to engineer come-from-behind, fourth-quarter wins. He produced the winning touchdown in the Cotton Bowl in the final 12 seconds on a six-yard pass to Flanker Eric Herring, his top target this season.

The missing ingredient in Houston's offense is a backup quarterback of Elston's '79 caliber. If he's injured—a real possibility considering how often quarterbacks run off the veer—the Cougars will be in big trouble. None of his replacements has even a minute of playing experience. And, of course, Elston will be under a great deal more pressure as a starter than he was as a reliever. Says Yeoman, "In my first year at West Point, when I knew I wasn't going to

start, I worried more about my postgame date than the game itself. But in our opener at UCLA last fall, Brown became ill and Elston had to replace him. Now Terry's learning what Brown went through. There are no more laughs for Terry because of the pressure. He realizes the job he has to do. We expect him to come through...and he'd better."



## 6. USC

Because of problems beyond the control of Coach John Robinson, the next episode of *The Trojans Invade Pasadena* has been postponed by the Pac-10. Certainly not by USC itself, despite



the fact that long-running star Charles White and 10 members of the cast that finished No. 2 in the nation last year in both AP and UPI polls are now in the NFL. You will recall the closing scene of last season's show, White vaulting over the Ohio State line for a 17-16 victory in the Rose Bowl. This year look for similar performances from his replacement, 6' 2", 202-pound Marcus Allen. A former fullback, he rushed for 649 yards in '79 when he was not blocking for White, and Robinson says Allen "is going to be one of the great backs in the nation." Succeeding Quarterback Paul McDonald, who has moved on to the Cleveland Browns with White, is a fifth-year senior, Gordon Adams. He wasn't recruited; Adams simply walked in and allowed that he'd like to be a quarterback. Although he hasn't started a game since high school or thrown a pass at USC, he won the assignment in spring practice. Already he can match McDonald in one area. Adams has a 3.70-grade-point average in business administration (McDonald graduated with a 3.25 in the same field).

If the backfield is loaded with former understudies, they at least share the field with established performers. Strong-side Tackle Keith Van Horne and Guard Roy Foster were All-Pac-10, and Weak-side Tackle Don Mosebar was a standout throughout his freshman year. Adams also will have Flanker Kevin (Bug) Williams back to catch passes. Last year Williams pulled in 25 for a 19.6 average gain and eight touchdowns.

At tight end, Robinson is considering three players. Hoby Brenner is the best receiver and James Hunter (6' 4", 235 pounds) the best blocker, while Vic Rakshani will probably line up at flanker. Defense should be this team's strength. Of seven returning starters, three are All-America candidates: Riki Gray, who will start in inside linebacker for the third season, and safeties Ronnie Lott and Dennis Smith; Robinson says he wouldn't trade Lott or Smith for any in the nation.

Several times last season the Trojan pass rush broke down. During one of those lapses, Stanford's Turk Schonert put 21 points on the board in the second half and gave USC the only blemish on its record—a tie. Four players will be used at the three inside line positions: Nose-guard George Achica, tackles Ty Sperling and Dennis Edwards and Charles Ussery, a 6' 4", 240-pound pass-rush specialist.

While the Trojans' schedule isn't as taxing as in past years, they do play Cal, Stanford and Washington on successive weeks; a heavy burden to bear with no hope for roses at season's end.



## 7. ARKANSAS

Coach Lou Holtz is doing his poor-little-of-me routine again. Last year he said he didn't have any football players—then produced a Sugar Bowl team. What does Holtz say the Razorbacks can't possibly do this year? Well, win the Southwest Conference, for one thing. "In any other conference we would be the team they'd all have to beat," he moans. "In the SWC we're a contender, and there are only eight others."

Most people think Holtz' best bit of sleight of hand was winning 10 of 12 games last year despite so many injuries that only Free Safety Kevin Evans started all 12. All told, 41 different people started at the 22 positions. Still, Arkansas would have been undefeated in the regular season if 5' 7" Ish Ordonez hadn't had a field-goal attempt blocked on the last play of the Houston game. "Ish can't get down about things like that," says Holtz. "He's too short."

Taking into account the many lineup changes, Holtz estimates he has 10 "starters" back on defense. "Of course," he says, "they weren't all that good last year. It's kinda like measles. You're not sure you want 'em again." There goes ol' poor-mouth again. Holtz admits, "I'm very pleased with our secondary, our linebackers and our defensive ends, and I'm no longer concerned about our interior defensive linemen." What has made that concern vanish is sophomore Billy Ray Smith, the son and namesake of the former Baltimore Colt lineman who played at Arkansas in the mid-'50s. "This spring we couldn't keep him out of our plays," marvels Arkansas' best offensive lineman, Right Guard George Stewart. "I pity the offensive linemen who will be told to block him the next three years."

Holtz has sold thousands of copies of his manual on the veer T offense Arkansas has used the past three years, but this spring the Razorbacks ran every play out of the I. The reason is that the Hogs have had trouble scoring from in close to the goal on the veer T and have had to call on Ordonez too often. More important, Arkansas lacks experience at quarterback, and, as Holtz points out, "In the veer the quarterback is the focal point of everything. In the I we can control what our quarterback has to do." The successor to all-SWC signal-caller Kevin Scanlon is Tom Jones, younger brother of the Colts' Bert.

Whichever formation the Razorbacks use, Arkansas has plenty of running backs. The best is versatile Gary Anderson, who led the team last year as a freshman with 1,240 yards running, catching and returning kicks. "This spring we used Gary at wide receiver, wingback and tailback in the I and as a running back in the veer," says Holtz, "and we still haven't found anything he can't do." The other starting

running back should be another sophomore, Darryl Bowles, who spent the summer in the county workhouse for rustling a cow. Holtz is complaining that his fullback won't be ready for the Sept. 1 opener with Texas. Beware. Holtz may be hustling Longhorns.



## 8. OKLAHOMA

In the '70s Oklahoma won 102 of 118 games—87.7%, tops in the country. In the final polls the Sooners placed No. 1 twice, No. 2 twice and No. 3 three times. Not once were they shut out. On top of that, Sooner players won a Lombardi Trophy (Lee Roy Selmon), two Outland Trophies (Selmon and Greg Roberts) and a Heisman (Billy Sims). As a new decade begins, Oklahoma's still O.K., but not quite as formidable. "We have less talent now than at any time since the '60s," says Coach Barry Switzer. "I see a lot of cliff-hangers."

Last year Oklahoma was 11-1 but was given fits by its three top-quality opponents: the Sooners edged Missouri by two points, Nebraska by three and flat lost to Texas. Without Sims Oklahoma might well have dropped all three games, and Sims has departed. "We just don't have a great back," Switzer says. "And great backs have been our edge against the best teams on our schedule."

To the less-than-best opponents, that is small consolation, because once again Oklahoma has the biggest, most belligerent linemen around. On offense, such formidable blockers as guards Terry Crouch (6' 1", 275), Don Key (6' 2", 250) and Steve Williams (6' 2", 268), as well as tackles Louis Oubre (6' 4", 262), Elbert Graham (6' 3", 275), Lyndle Byford (6' 5", 280) and Ed Culver (6' 3", 275) will simply blow away most of the men they face. No wonder Oklahoma led the nation in rushing in 1978 and was second last fall. At 6', 230 pounds, Tight End Forrest Valora is dwarfed by the biggies, but he's Oklahoma's strongest player and probably its toughest. Valora was knocked unconscious in a sideline collision with a TV camera minutes before the Texas game. But he played all four quarters anyway, with a dozen fresh stitches sewn in his forehead.

Behind these blockers are three dependable backs, including Quarterback J.C. Watts, who knows how to win. Fullback Stanley Wilson started last year as a freshman and averaged 6.5 yards a carry, a mere fifth of a yard less than Sims himself. Senior David Overstreet has yet to live up to his billing, but this year he might. And who knows what to expect of freshman George (Buster) Rhymes, who refers to himself as "Buster, the Man with Luster."

Switzer's chief worry is on defense, where both linebackers and both ends are new, and the secondary will miss Co-captain Darrell Ray. But Tackles Keith Gary and Richard Turner will again fill in the middle. In 1979 Turner was the team's No. 1 tackler, and Gary, the Big Eight newcomer of the year, led the conference in tackles for losses. Another plus materialized in spring drills when lightly regarded Steve Haworth beat out Darrell Songy for the free-safety spot. Now Songy is a strong safety and cornerback.

Those potential cliff-hangers of Switzer's include games with Texas, Nebraska and Missouri, plus Gator Bowl champ North Carolina and, possibly, Stanford. Too many, it seems, for Oklahoma to dominate the first year of the '80s.



## 9. STANFORD

The head coach is new. So are six of his assistants. The star of the team hasn't played in 21 months. The defense gave up 239 points in 11 games last year and was on the field so much of the time all the offensive players should get any other year of eligibility. But still, Stanford is in the thick of the Rose Bowl race, such as it is, with the Pac-10 Conference in a shambles and half of its—five teams, including USC—ineligible for bowl play.

Eligible and worthy, the Cardinals have a platoon of gifted ballcarriers and a passing game that can score from San Francisco. Stanford may yield a ton of points, but it can score even more, especially since the return of Halfback Darin Nelson, who missed all of last season after snapping a hamstring long-jumping at a track meet. In 1977, as a freshman, Nelson became the only collegian ever to rush for 1,000 yards and catch 50 passes in a single season. In 1978 he did it again.

With Nelson sidelined last year, Flanker Ken Margerum stepped forward to snare 41 passes for 733 yards, 10 TDs (a Pac-10 high) and All-America honors. Margerum has already surpassed Dallas Cowboy Tony Hill as Stanford's all-time leader in touchdown receptions with 19. Yet the real surprise of the year was Split End Andre Tyler, a part-timer the previous season, who hauled in 45 passes, tops on the team.

The last three NCAA passing champions—Guy Benjamin (in 1977), Steve Dils ('78) and Turk Schonert ('79)—all came from Stanford. Now sophomore John Elway has the ball. As a sub last fall, he completed 50 of 96 passes (52%) for 544 yards and had six touchdowns, breaking the school record for freshmen previously held by Benjamin. He'll get time to pass, too, because the interior line has four returning 1979 starters, including 6' 7", 270-pound Tackle Brian Holloway.

A year ago the defense showed its potential when it blanked USC in the second half to preserve a 21-21 tie. And the expertise that the defenders gained in practicing against two of the nation's best throwing quarterbacks was evident in the way they shut down most passing games. But on the ground, Stanford was burned for 4.3 yards a play. An improvement is likely now that 1978 Bluebonnet Bowl standout Tom Hall has returned at linebacker after sitting out 1979 with an injured Achilles tendon. And Linebacker Milt McColl has recovered from a sore shoulder that hampered him last fall. Stanford's entire kicking game is the responsibility of Ken Naber, the country's No. 11 returning punter (42.4-yard average). As for Naber's field-goal ability, his 36-yarder with no time left on the clock beat the Bruins 27-24.

The new coach is Stanford alumnus Paul Wiggins, a 15-year veteran of NFL coaching and a defensive whiz. A Stanford team that is actually concerned about defense is one of the novelties of the season.



## 10. BRIGHAM YOUNG

What can BYU do for an encore? In 1979 it went 11-0, winning the WAC championship in a nationally televised 63-14 romp over San Diego State. In that game the Cougars scored their 63 points in 66 plays. All in all, BYU led the nation in total offense, scoring on passes, and in kickoff returns. The Cougars gained an average of seven yards every time they snapped the ball. With 14 starters and 19 second-teamers returning, the encore may well be more of the same.

All-America Quarterback Marc Wilson has been succeeded by Jim McMahon, who had beaten Wilson out of the job in 1978 and in that year was All-WAC. McMahon sat out 1979 following knee surgery. Now he will have Wilson's top seven receivers to throw to, a group that caught no fewer than 228 passes, 23 of them for touchdowns. Most dangerous among them is Lloyd Jones, who averaged 22.3 yards on 33 catches.

Though not celebrated for its ground game, BYU does have a pair of tailbacks who each gained more than 500 yards rushing. One, Eric Lane, scored five touchdowns against Utah State, an NCAA high for the season, and averaged 6.3 yards a carry. The other tailback, Homer Jones, is so versatile that in national rankings he placed fifth in kickoff returns, seventh in all-purpose running and 11th in receiving.

If BYU has a weakness, it is its offensive line, which, supposedly, is rebuilding. But then, Tackle Nick Eyre was All-WAC last season, as was Tight End Clay Brown, who doubles as a punter and last year led the country with a 45.3-yard average. Moreover, among the newcomers, Guard Calvin Close started two years ago and Tackle Ray Linford was a projected starter for 1979 until he underwent an appendectomy in September. When Texas A&M All-America Jacob Green played nose-to-nose against Eyre last September he made exactly zero tackles all game.

Six of BYU's top eight linemen return to a defense that was the stingiest in the WAC (yielding 11 points a game). Most notable are End Glen Titensor, the team leader in what is called "quarterback hurries," and Tackle Putasila Filiaga, whom everybody calls "Junior." Linebacker Glen Redd is going to be heard from, too.

LaVell Edwards became the Cougar coach in 1972, taking over a 5-6 team at a school that had never gone to a bowl game. That year BYU finished 7-4. Since then Edwards' teams have won or shared four WAC titles, received four bowl bids and popped in and out of the Top 20. Edwards has been blessed with marvelous quarterbacks: Gary Sheide, Nielsen, Wilson, and now McMahon. "The way for us to compete," he says, "is to play sound defense, then try to pass the other team dizzy."



## 11. PURDUE

Let us now pay homage to Purdue quarterbacks, and in particular the incumbent. As he begins his senior year, Mark Herrmann has already surpassed the career records of Len Dawson, Bob Griese and Mike Phipps. If his name isn't familiar, well, Purdue didn't appear on network TV once last year though it had a 10-2 record and defeated Tennessee in the Bluebonnet Bowl. The oversight will be remedied on Sept. 6, when the Boilermakers meet Notre Dame and get national exposure. A good showing could serve as a springboard for Herrmann's Heisman hopes and Purdue's bid for a third straight bowl game.

So steamed up are Purdue fans that they have been permitting themselves thoughts of breaking the 12-year-old Michigan-Ohio State hold on the Rose Bowl. Even Boilermaker Pete, the school's paper-hatted mascot, has been given a tougher look, which may match that of the team.

Big question: Can Herrmann compensate for a defense that's being rebuilt? Purdue plays what it calls a "junk defense," a shifting five-man front composed of three interior linemen and two outside linebackers. Three of last year's five starters on that front moved on to the NFL. Still on hand is Tackle Calvin Clark, a quick, 6' 5", 260-pounder referred to by Coach Jim Young as "the key." The other hold-over is an outside linebacker, Tom (Kamikaze) Kingsbury. He earned his nickname by leading the team in tackles and as captain of the specialty squads.

The Boilermakers hope to force opponents to the air this year because they boast one of the best secondaries in school history. Safety Bill Kay tied for the Big Ten lead last year with seven interceptions.

So much for defense. That's not what's selling out Ross-Ade Stadium. Herrmann is. During spring drills he wore a flak jacket similar to the one Dan Pastorini used after he injured his ribs at Houston, and he often throws from a shotgun formation, the better to keep unfriendly paws off him. "The more I throw the ball, the more accurate I get," says Herrmann. "It's a rhythmic thing." In 1979 he completed 203 of 348 for 56.6%.

Herrmann may not have to pass all that much this year. Purdue can run some, too. But his targets may prove too tempting for him to hand off with any regularity. They include Tight End Dave Young, a 6' 6", 242-pounder who led the team last year with 55 catches for 584 yards and 10 touchdowns, and Split End Bart Burrell, Herrmann's high school teammate from Carmel (Ind.) High. Yet another skillful receiver is Steven Bryant, a transfer from Los Angeles Southwest Community College and the fastest footballer at Purdue since Larry Burton, who also ran the 200-meters in the '72 Olympics.

Herrmann goes into the season with 530 completions in 941 attempts for 6,734 yards and 48 touchdowns—all Big Ten records. What is his 1980 goal? "We still haven't gone to the Rose Bowl," he says. "That's my No. 1 goal."



## 12. NORTH CAROLINA

He enters his senior year as the NCAA's leading active rusher, with 3,273 yards. In spite of limping through about one-third of every campaign, he has had 1,600-yard seasons in each of his first three years, the only man other than Tony Dorsett to have done so. He has a chance to become the fourth man, after Archie Griffin, Dorsett and Charles White, to pass the 5,000-yard mark. His name? Amos Lawrence. You've never heard of him? Well, around Chapel Hill, Famous Amos is almost as famous for his injuries as his yardage. In the 17 games in which Lawrence was O.K. over the past three years, the Tar Heels were 15-1-1. On Lawrence's gumpy days last year, the team was 1-3-1, which explains why it finished fifth in the Atlantic Coast Conference. When Lawrence was going full speed, Carolina was 6-0, and that explains why it played in the Gator Bowl. There the Heels upset Michigan 17-15 as Lawrence rushed for 118 yards.



That occasion marked Carolina's seventh bowl trip of the '70s, not bad for a basketball school. Now the Tar Heels seem bowl-bound again. They are particularly strong in the offensive line, where four of five starters are back to block for Lawrence. Coach Dick Crum calls 6' 4", 260-pound Guard Ron Wooten "possibly the best offensive lineman in college football." Another outstanding blocker up front is Tight End Shelton Robinson, who is so effective on running plays that he starts ahead of Mike Chatham, who was All-ACC at the position last year. Chatham, who plays mostly on passing downs, set a Tar Heel record and tied the ACC mark for touchdown catches with eight. At quarterback, Rod Elkins, a sophomore with a strong arm, gained the starting spot when Chuck Sharpe tore the ligaments in his left knee in practice in late August. Soccer-style Kicker Jeff Hayes booted a 53-yard field goal in the spring game, the longest in the 53-year history of Kenan Stadium. Last year Punter Steve Streater averaged 41.2 yards and, as a free safety, tied for the team lead with five interceptions. (His brother Jimmy is the former Tennessee quarterback.)

Overall, the secondary could stand improvement. In the line, North Carolina is tough against the run, particularly on the wide side of the field, which is patrolled by Outside Linebacker Lawrence Taylor. At 237 pounds, Taylor is light on his feet, and Crum claims he ranks with Pittsburgh's Hugh Green. At defensive tackle, 6' 5", 270-pound Donnell Thompson sometimes loses interest against weak teams, but in big games—like the '79 victories over South Carolina, Pitt and Michigan—he's a terror. Thompson had seven tackles, including a sack, against the Gamecocks, six solos against the Panthers and eight altogether against the Wolfenaves. All told, he sacked the opposing quarterback five times last season.

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## 13. TEXAS

During the Sun Bowl festivities in El Paso two years ago, two Texas players, Safety Rocky Churchman and Guard Joe Shearin, contributed to the entertainment at a luncheon with a two-man imitation of the late Elvis Presley doing *Heartbreak Hotel*. The scene is worth remembering at the start of the new season if only because Coach Fred Akers must feel as though he's taking a walk down Lonely Street when he thinks of Churchman and the seven other defensive starters he will have to replace.

"On defense, we're starting over," says Akers. Gone are the top four defensive ends and top two tackles. Gone from the secondary, along with Churchman, are his All-Southwest Conference mates Derrick Hatchett and Johnnie Johnson. And gone is the unit that held its opponents to 8.2 points and 184.3 yards per game.

But one defensive unit, at least, is set and strong: at linebacker will be junior Bruce Scholtz and returning starters Roben Sendlein and Doug Shankle, who led the team in tackles with 138. Akers says, "They are as good as anyone in the country, and I don't care how young the rest of the unit is; we're always going to compete." Coming from anyone other than Akers, this would seem a case of whistling past the graveyard. But in his three years at Texas, Akers has confounded prophets of doom and guided the Longhorns to a 29-7 record and three bowl berths.

Nonetheless, Akers is going to have to rely on his offense if he is to keep on winning big. Fortunately, the offense is experienced and has recovered from numerous injuries. Eight first-stringers are back, three of whom were hurt last season or in spring practice. Among them are running backs A.J. (Jam) Jones and Rodney Tate, who together accounted for 1,148 yards in 242 carries last season.

As to who will be optioning the ball off to them, Akers is shopping around. The heir apparent at quarterback, Doonie Little, who threw for 750 yards and ran for 410 more before injuring the arch of his right foot, will be the starter, but when Akers wants to go to the air, he'll probably look to Rick McIvor, seeking a performance like the one the sophomore put on against Baylor. In that game, McIvor completed 12 of 24 for 270 yards, a school record. "I've seen Rick throw it 80 yards flat-footed," says Wide Receiver Les Koenning. "I know who I'd like to see in there."

Unlike last season, when Texas was the last major team to open its schedule (Sept. 22), this year the Longhorns get an early test—on Labor Day—at home against Arkansas. That game may be even more intense than usual as a result of the emotional aftermath of Texas' 14-17 defeat at the toe of the Razorbacks' Ish Ordonez last October. Barefoot Kicker John Goodson, who ended up in fourth place behind Ordonez in the NCAA rankings, may be the man to keep Akers out of Heartbreak Hotel.



## 14. GEORGIA

Because Coach Vince Dooley's I-formation is built around the tailback, as he goes, so goes Georgia. Last year, when sophomore Matt Simon went mostly to the doctor because of injuries, Georgia went sour, finishing a disappointing 6-5. So Dooley went shopping, and last Easter he announced the signing of Herschel Walker, perhaps the most heavily recruited running back in the nation. At Johnson County High in Wrightsville, Ga., Walker ran for 45 touchdowns in his senior year, increasing his grand total to 86, both national high school records, and he gained a whopping 3,167 yards. He also won the state high school 100- and 200-yard dashes and at 6' 1", 218 pounds was strong enough to win the state shotput title, too. The recruiting of this paragon caused such unreal expectations that Dooley may attempt to ease Walker into the lineup gradually, but that may not be feasible: the Bulldogs open against SEC rival Tennessee, a resurgent team, and face Texas A&M the next week.

Even a Herschel Walker needs an occasional block, and there the Bulldogs may be lacking. Gone are two All-Conference players, Center Ray Donaldson and Tackle Matt Braswell. Offensive Line Coach Wayne McDuffie admits his unit "isn't as physical as it has been in the past."

To take some of the pressure off the tailback, Dooley plans to have junior Quarterback Buck Belue throw the ball more often. Belue has a talented group of receivers, led by Split End Lindsay Scott, a burner who anchors the school's 440-yard relay team. And Belue won't have to move the ball far for Kicker Rex Robinson, who has booted two field goals of more than 50 yards and, with 40 three-pointers, already holds the SEC record for career field goals.

The Georgia defense should be strongest where it has been weak in recent years, in the interior of the line. With the likes of 270-pound Defensive Guard Eddie (Meat Cleaver) Weaver, the Bulldogs will have plenty of inside muscle. They need it: Dooley's defense uses just three defensive backs. The two linebackers often crowd up to give the appearance of an eight-man line. This so-called "perimeter defense" is effective against teams that run wide but has proved vulnerable against opponents such as Auburn, Clemson and South Carolina, which probe inside. "That's the way I'd try to beat our defense," says Guard Tim Morrison, "just keep pounding between the tackles. Under that kind of pressure sooner or later it would crack."

In the Southeastern Conference's system of rotating opponents, Georgia hasn't played Alabama since 1977 and won't face the Crimson Tide again until 1984. In case of a championship tie, the SEC slot in the Sugar Bowl is denied the team that played there more recently. Thus if Georgia can tie Alabama for the title this year, it will be the Bulldogs who spend New Year's Day in New Orleans.



## 15. MISSOURI

Bookmakers say, "Folks who bet on Missouri don't like money." Indeed, in two seasons under Warren Powers, the Tigers have had more ups and downs than a commuter airline. Two years ago they upset Notre Dame and Nebraska, but couldn't beat Big Eight pushovers Oklahoma State and Colorado. Last fall Missouri crushed strong South Carolina in the Hall of Fame Bowl and came awfully close to upsetting high-ranked Oklahoma (page 70) and higher-ranked Nebraska, losing both games by a total of five points. But the Tigers also lost to Kansas State, a team that won no other conference games.

Fully predictable, however, is what Missouri will do with the football—Quarterback Phil Bradley will keep it, throw it or hand it to Fullback James Wilder. In 522 of 750 downs from scrimmage last season, Wilder or Bradley ended up with the ball. "Some people say we're too basic," admits Assistant Coach Mike Price. "But we say let's hand it off and let the defense try to stop us."

Wilder is probably the Big Eight's best fullback when fit, as evidenced by the fact that last season he had 645 yards rushing and caught 20 passes, despite missing two games with an ankle injury. In short-yardage situations, everyone knows Wilder will get the ball but, as Price says, he's murder to stop. The problem is that in too many not-so-short situations, Wilder also gets the ball, and everyone expects it then, too. What makes him excel, in part, is a formidable line that features Center Brad Edelman and Tackle Howard Richards.

Bradley, twice an All-Conference quarterback, needs to pass and run for 1,171 yards to supplant Lynn Dickey (Kansas State, 1968-70) as the Big Eight's all-time career total yardage leader. He is extremely quick and throws on the run with accuracy. Under his tosses will be junior college transfer Ron Fellows, a flanker, and Tight End Andy Giller, a midseason find who made 21 of his 23 receptions in Missouri's last six games and, as Curt Gowdy might say, is only a sophomore.

Yet Missouri's greatest asset is defense, especially its secondary and most especially Safety Eric Wright, who recovered three fumbles, intercepted four passes and broke up eight more in '79. One Tiger coach calls him "a competitor, a spiritual leader, a wild man." Up front, Defensive End Wendell Ray is pretty much ditto.

Though Missouri plays both Oklahoma and Nebraska away, it has dropped Texas and doesn't face its usual suicidal schedule. Also, there are 26 seniors, making the Tigers the conference's most experienced team. Says Powers,

"The lessons learned from the disappointments of last year should be a strength." So, eight or nine wins and a third consecutive bowl bid are entirely possible.

And though Oklahoma or Nebraska always wins the Big Eight title, Missouri's in the running. In fact, if you don't like money—



## 16. FLORIDA STATE

Florida State is the home of the Flying High Circus, the only collegiate circus in the U.S. Its performers occasionally come down, but after the Seminoles' 11-0 season, an Orange Bowl appearance and a Top 10 ranking, FSU fans are still way up in the clouds. And the team should be tougher this fall. Trouble is, the schedule is tougher, too.

This year Nebraska and Pittsburgh are in the offing, and the Seminoles open away at LSU, which is like starting the New Year with a hangover in a boiler factory. But while another undefeated regular season seems unlikely, so does anything worse than an 8-3 finish and another bowl bid.

With free-slinging quarterbacks Jimmy Jordan and Wally Woodham gone, Florida State can no longer boast the air attack that ripped opponents for an amazing 7,700 yards the past three seasons. But new Quarterback Rick Stockstill isn't bad. Against Memphis State last fall he completed six of seven passes and orchestrated two touchdowns, all in one quarter's work. The next morning, it was announced that he had a lock on the job and any other contenders would have to beat him out. His main target, Hardis Johnson, started in the Orange Bowl as a freshman. And unlike Woodham and Jordan, who were too small to carry the ball much, Stockstill, belying that wonderful name, runs as well as he passes. He is a robust 6' 2", 190 pounds. Indeed, this team's capacity to run makes it even more potent than its predecessors. Tailback Homes Johnson, a starter in 1978 who sat out last year for personal reasons, is playing again, and Homes isn't even going to start. Sam Platt is. He's a former wide receiver who moved to tailback in the spring and broke at least one big run every time the Seminoles scrimmaged. Back to open up holes is three-year starter Ken Lannier, a tackle whom Coach Bobby Bowden plucked out of Columbus, Ohio, from under the nose of Woody Hayes. If you get the idea that Florida State will run more, don't fight it. When it comes to football strategies, "I've always believed in blocking and tackling," Bowden says. "Everything else is irrelevant."

Returning to do the tackling are eight starters and eight second-teamers who were greatly responsible for the nation's 10th-best defense. Linebackers Reggie Herring and Paul Flurkowski are both two-year starters. Cornerback Bobby Butler a three-year starter. Butler is conspicuous defending against punts. He has blocked six of them. Then there is Ron Simmons, the All-America noseguard who finished ninth in the 1979 Heisman Trophy vote (page 30).

"Last season we were the No. 1 independent in the nation," Bowden says. "I'm sure Pittsburgh will object to me saying that. But it means that now we've got a lot to live up to." The living-up might not be easy, but the reckoning will be conclusive. The Panthers visit Tallahassee on Oct. 11. That'll be some circus.



continued

## 17. AUBURN

Under Coach Doug Barfield, Auburn has reversed itself. In the four years since Barfield succeeded the late Shug Jordan, the Tigers have improved from 3-8 to last year's 8-3. "When Doug came here, the kids hoped to win," says Offensive Coordinator Alex Gibbs. "Then they thought they could win. Now they believe they can win. That overcomes a whole lot of lousy coaching."

Last year a strong Auburn running attack also had to overcome a whole lot of lousy defense. The Tigers gave up 31 points to North Carolina State, 35 to Tennessee, 35 more to Vanderbilt and 42 to Wake Forest, yet still won two of those games. Those efforts spawned nicknames like "The Double-Digit Defense" and "The Swiss Cheese Defense." The Auburn secondary became the laughingstock of the SEC. And problems still exist. Auburn goes into this season with only one linebacker who has ever played the position before.

Nevertheless, the Tigers figure to be strong up the middle, which is patrolled by 6' 5", 272-pound Defensive Tackle Frank Warren, a two-time All-Conference player. Barfield also is hoping to get a much-needed pass rush out of the 4-3 defense he installed in place of the SEC's standard 5-2 alignment. But if all else fails, the Tigers will fall back on their running game, which once again should be overpowering.

Auburn set team-total rushing-yardage records in each of the past two seasons, and the best Auburn back of all, James (Bye-Bye) Brooks, is still on hand. Last year he led the SEC with 1,208 yards rushing. In all but two games, Bye-Bye had runs of more than 50 yards.

Brooks was considered too small when he arrived at Auburn as a 5' 10", 160-pound speedster, but over the past three years he has added 20 pounds of muscle to his upper body by lifting weights. Now he can run over tacklers as well as around them. In his spare time, Brooks is addicted to TV soap operas. Unfortunately, no one will be able to watch Bye-Bye on TV this fall. Because Auburn is on probation, it can't appear on the tube. The Tigers fear this lack of exposure may cost their phenom a shot at the Heisman Trophy. Accordingly, Auburn publicist Buddy Davidson carries a videotape of Brooks' spectacular runs everywhere he goes. "That's the only way people can get to see James," he complains.

As he did last year, Gibbs has molded two offensive line units that will alternate to keep fresh troops in the game. To rest Brooks, Auburn would like to pass more, but the new

quarterback, junior Charles Thomas, is a better runner than thrower. He attempted just 12 passes last season, completing six. After spring practice, Defensive Coach Buddy Nix observed, "I'd hate to think we had to win a game by throwing. It would be hard to do." Almost as hard as winning playing defense.

## 18. MICHIGAN

Question: What wears maize and blue, wins more regular-season games than any other team in the country and goes belly up in bowl games? Answer: Bo Schembechler's Wolverines. They are 104-12-3 for his 11 seasons and 0 for 7 in postseason festivities. What does it all mean? Well, it might be that regularly scheduled games are more important to Ann Arbor than bowl frivolity.

But if that's the case, it's small wonder that last season was Bo's most disappointing ever. Michigan finished 8-4 and a dismal 18th nationally after being picked as high as sixth. One insult added to the injury was that the combined margin of defeat for the four losses was only 10 points. Another was that miscues by the specialty teams directly accounted for three of those four defeats. Over the season, the Wolverines had four punts blocked and hit on only four of 19 field goals. Starting this season, punts will fly from the instep of a freshman, Don Bracken, from Thermopolis, Wyo. (pop. 4,000), who averaged 46.7 yards per kick in his senior year at Hot Springs County High. Because Bracken takes a quick 1½-step approach before letting fly, perhaps more kicks will find their mark. Meanwhile, sophomore Ali Haji-Sheikh, who is of Iranian-American descent, will take over full place-kicking duties after handling kickoffs as a freshman walk-on. He was also successful on four of four extra points.

Bo's next-best hopes ride on the defense. There are seven newcomers on a unit that had been fourth in the nation against the rush (99.3 yards a game). The line will be led by senior Tackle Mike Trgovac (6' 2", 235 pounds), who was All-Big Ten at middle guard last year, while sophomore Free Safety Keith Bostic is a blue chipper in the secondary. He and his colleagues will be severely tested in games with California, Purdue and Ohio State, in which Michigan's deep defenders will have to match wits with the nation's top quarterbacks—Rich Campbell, Mark Herrmann and Art Schlichter.

Seven starters return to the offense, including Fullback Lawrence Ricks, Tailback Butch Woolfolk and Wide Receiver Anthony Carter, a 4.4 man in the 40. With all five starters back, the line may be the best that Bo has ever assembled.

However, everyone is still eager to find out who will fill the Rick Leach Chair of Offensive Dynamics, now vacant for a full season. The field of scholars was narrowed by one in the off-season when veteran Quarterback B.J. Dickey (along with five teammates) was suspended for a year because of undisclosed training violations. Rich Hewlett, an untested sophomore, or freshman Steve Smith of Grand Blanc, Mich., will start.

In sum, the Michigan equation of knowns and unknowns promises a season of discovery.



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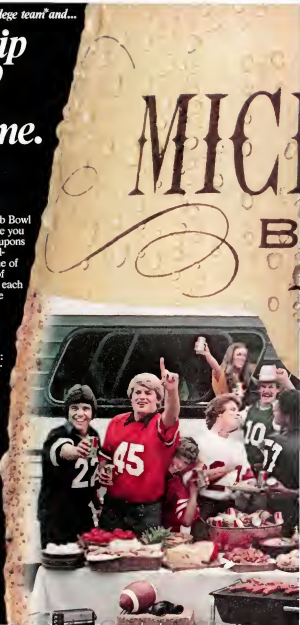
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## 19. PENN STATE

An 8-4 season and a 9-6 victory over Tulane in the Liberty Bowl would be a respectable enough showing for many teams, but not for Penn State, coming as it did after two 11-1 seasons, the latter having brought the Nittany Lions within a goal-line stand of a national title in the Jan. 1, 1979 Sugar Bowl game. Alabama made the stand and won the championship. In retrospect, Coach Joe Paterno believes the Lions' slippage can be traced to that 14-7 loss, a deeply unsettling experience. "I didn't get over it until the middle of the season," he says. "A lot of things happened last year," says Center Bob Jagers, a senior and the offensive team captain, "and it's hard to put your finger on just what caused it. But we're taking it as a lesson." Just as the Lions' attitude in '79 reflected the frustration of the Sugar Bowl, the Liberty Bowl victory has produced a positive mood for '80. Says Middle Guard Greg Jones, the defensive captain, "There's a determination you wouldn't believe to try and turn things around this year. I guess everybody wants to prove a point."

Paterno himself is optimistic. He has a solid defensive unit, including 10 returning starters. One is senior End Larry Kubin (6' 1", 222 pounds), who has made 27 quarterback sacks in the past two years. Another is Pete Harris, an All-America safety in 1978, who led the nation in interceptions (10) that season before sitting out last year because of his grades. "We don't have the dominant players," says Paterno, "and we may not have the speed to be a great defensive team. What we have to do is get into a scheme our people can be comfortable with, and maintain an all-out tempo." Given a schedule that includes teams from the Southwest (1), Atlantic Coast (2), and Big Eight (2) conferences as well as independents like Pitt, the Penn State defenders will be hard-pressed to match the record of their immediate predecessors, who held seven teams to a touchdown or less.

With that in mind, Penn State is working for better balance between the pass and run. "Last year we were basically a running team," says Jagers, "but this spring we worked on passing. We'll have more sets—a variety to choose from. We'd been real conservative, but I think that image will be gone this fall." In the backfield will be Booker Moore, who switched from tailback to fullback, and sophomore Tailback Curt Warner. Between them they rushed for 946 yards last season. The quarterback position will be another key. During spring practice, senior Dwyke Tate added a broken jaw to his career injury list (a broken hand and a broken collarbone), and hung up his jersey. Since then there has been a spirited competition among sophomores Frank Rocco and Jeff Hostetler and freshman redshirt Todd Blackledge, all three apparently adept at running a diverse offense.

Another reason for a positive outlook is Placekicker Herb Menhardt. He made 14 of 20 field goals in '79, and enters the season with a streak of eight straight. That's the kind of streak the Lions need to keep the Norm Vincent bells pealing.



## 20. INDIANA

Coach Lee Corso compares building a football team to preparing a big pot of spaghetti sauce: "Our spaghetti was excellent all last season and by the end of the year it was delicious," he says, citing Indiana's 8-4 record and 38-37 win over Brigham Young in the Holiday Bowl. "I haven't started cooking yet this year. All the ingredients seem to be there, but you have to put 'em in just right, a little dab here, a little dab there."



Corso's ingredients include 16 returning starters, led by senior Tim Clifford, one of the quarterbacks who could help change the conservative image of Big Ten football. Clifford isn't as widely known as Purdue's Mark Hermann or Ohio State's Art Schlichter, but last year he was named the most valuable player in the Big Ten by the *Chicago Tribune*. And that was no meatball offense he directed: it set nine all-time Indiana offensive records, averaging nearly 400 yards and more than 26 points a game. Along the way, Clifford completed 160 of 288 passes for 2,078 yards and 13 touchdowns while throwing 10 interceptions.

In Bob Stephenson and Dave Harangody Indiana has two tight-knit tight ends, and it may go to some double-tight-end formations to get both in the game at the same time. Stephenson, a 6' 3" 234-pound junior, made 49 catches last season to lead the team in that category. At wide receiver the depth chart includes Steve Corso, the coach's son. When Clifford wants to throw the bomb, he can look for Nate Lundy, who caught just 12 passes but averaged 26.5 yards a reception. He's a swifty; this spring he set a Big Ten record of 49.82 in the intermediate hurdles.

Late last year Indiana experimented with a quarterback option offense with increasing effectiveness; look for more. Corso says his backfield "is as fine as there ever has been at Indiana, qualitywise and depthwise." Spunky 5' 7", 189-pound Mike Harkrader, who sat out spring practice to rest knees that have undergone an operation apiece, needs just 100 more yards to become the Hoosiers' all-time leading rusher.

As Corso might say, pointwise Indiana's defense hasn't been so hot, giving up an average of 21 a game in '79 despite two shutouts. Nine starters from that unit return and the defensive backfield is intact, presumably improved. The standout on defense is junior Cornerback Tim Wilbur, who tied for the Big Ten lead with seven interceptions, which he returned for two touchdowns and a Division I-A-high 165 yards. That made it 14 interceptions for his career so far, already an Indiana record. In the Holiday Bowl he scored the winning touchdown by returning a fourth-quarter punt 62 yards. "I don't have blazing speed," Wilbur says, "but I'm quick enough to get in position. I'd say my biggest strength is reading the quarterback."

Last year, Corso's seventh at Indiana, was his first winning season there. "We've got a fighting chance," he says. "Good spaghetti sauce requires a little aging."

CONTINUED

# 5 TO WATCH

## CALIFORNIA

With USC and UCLA ineligible for the Rose Bowl, California, led by Quarterback Rich Campbell, has an unusual opportunity. Cal surprised most observers last season by winning six games and a trip to the Garden State Bowl, its first bowl game in 21 years. Six wins, that's a big deal? Yes, and here's why: 1979 was a rebuilding year, and in the five losses, including defeats by USC, Washington and Michigan, the combined deficit was only 24 points.

The 6' 5", 220-pound Campbell, who ranks second behind Ohio State's Art Schlichter in passing efficiency among Division I-A quarterbacks, just rears back and throws the ball—an average of 30 times a game last season. Because Cal lacked any pretense of a running game, it's remarkable that Campbell has any stats to talk about, but, in fact, he completed 216 of 322 in '79 for 2,859 yards and 13 touchdowns. Only BYU's Marc Wilson threw more times; no one else in Division I-A was even close. And while Schlichter's efficiency ranking is above Campbell's, the Golden Bear has the better completion average (67.0% to 52.5%). In another category—wholesomeness—Campbell might be the top quarterback in the land. He's a religious-studies major, hoping to become a minister. Chews tobacco, though.

In two seasons as a full-time starter, Campbell has amassed 5,148 yards passing and 29 touchdowns, erasing virtually every passing record at Cal, the alma mater of Craig Morton and Steve Bartkowski. And the Golden Bears are even stronger this season in the receiving department. Matt Bouza is the seventh-leading receiver in the country, with 59 catches, and flanker Michael Buggs had 37. Also on hand are Holden Smith and Floyd Eddings, two speedsters who were injured early last season. They give Cal the deep threat it lacked in '79. Roughly 30% of the time, the Bears will line up in their tricky "Trojan Set" (invented last year just for the USC game): three receivers line up on one side of the field. "That leaves an inside linebacker covering our best pattern receiver [Bouza]," says Campbell, "and there's no way he can do it." With the running of Fullback Dave Palmer and Halfback John Tuggle to keep defenders honest, the formation is a formidable weapon.

Meanwhile, Cal's offensive line is set, led by tackles Harvey Salem and Brian Bailey, who was All-Pac-10, and the defense will be improved, with potential All-Americans Tackle Pat Graham and End Rich Dixon most notable among a group of seven returning starters. The Bears benefit from having six of their eight league games at home. But the finale, the Big Game against Stanford, might be the one for the Roses.

## SMU

For two years now, despite a deluge of freebie T-shirts, posters, bumper stickers, key chains and balloons, as well as discounted tickets, Dallas has been cool to what SMU drum-beaters like to call Mustang Mania. SMU football has been all chills and no fever. Says SMU promotions director Brad Thomas, "This is the year we have to give folks something new—like a real good football team."

Well, the 1980 SMU team might well be better than the good one everyone expected to see last fall. In that season 27 players who started or were slated to start were injured, and the Mustangs straggled home sixth in the Southwest Conference with a 5-6 record.

The big question now is whether Quarterback Mike Ford can come back from a knee injury that ended his season last Sept. 15 in the second game with TCU. In 1978 Ford led the nation in total offense with 268.8 yards a game and passed for 3,007 yards to raise his career total to 5,071 yards, which put him within striking distance of the all-time NCAA Division I career passing mark of 7,818 held by Washington State's Jack Thompson.

With no Ford to pass, the Mustangs, perforce, had to run in '79, and they wound up outrushing their opponents, a feat they've accomplished 10 times since 1949. Four freshmen running backs emerged as the most gifted group in the SWC, but two of them, Charles Wagoner and Eric Dickerson, suffered major injuries. Wagoner a broken neck that ended his career. Dickerson, who had been ranked by *Parade* magazine as the No. 1 high school running back, suffered a concussion. Fortunately, he is O.K. now.

Defensive Tackle Harvey Armstrong sizes up SMU best: "Two years ago the people we played against had to worry only about Ford's passing. Then, last year, all we could do was run. This year defenses won't know what to do." With Armstrong and a rising star in Tackle Michael Carter—he's the guy who set a high school record of 81" 3½" in the shot put and won the 1980 NCAA indoor and outdoor championships—SMU's defense will be at least respectable. And even though conference foes Arkansas, Houston and Texas may be too strong for the frisky young colts, Mustang Mania may be for real, rather than synthetic.



## SOUTH CAROLINA

Last year's 8-4 Gamecocks, South Carolina's winningest team ever, averaged only 12.4 passes a game. Coach Jim Carlen would like a bit more diversity this fall. "We threw the ball a lot this spring and I think we'll throw it better this season," he says. "But basically we still plan to be a running team." The fact that his tailback is George Rogers might have something to do with Carlen's continued commitment to a ground game.

All Rogers did last season was rush for 1,681 yards, second to Heisman Trophy-winner Charles White of USC. The swift 6' 2", 220-pounder ran for 100 yards or more in each of South Carolina's last 10 games, including a 217-yard performance that helped sink ACC-champion North Carolina State 30-28. And durable? His 311 carries set a Gamecock record. This fall, Rogers might not get the ball quite as much, but the Gamecocks' attack shouldn't suffer now that Fullback Johnnie Wright has returned after being redshirted in 1979 because of a bad knee. The 6' 1", 205-pound Wright gained 903 yards in 1978, and he should be impressive again, but he's just as eager to block for George. "Rogers is something," Wright says. "Without even warming up he can run a 4.5 40, and he has the moves of a 185-pounder."

Quarterback Garry Harper threw 103 passes in South Carolina's last eight regular-season games without being intercepted. Indeed, only five of his passes were picked off all season. And though Harper completed only 73 passes all year, seven went for touchdowns.

The defense needs an overhauling, but five starters are back and one of them is Robert Perlotte, the 1979 unit's No. 1 tackler. Carlen believes the defense will be stronger, if only because of new Middle Guard Emanuel Weaver, a transfer from Arizona Western Junior College, where he was a JC All-America. In spring drills Weaver emerged as South Carolina's best athlete; the Gamecock offense needed two players to block him. Four weeks of that bumpy routine and he was listed as first string. What didn't emerge was a bonafide punter, who might very well come in handy seeing as how the Gamecocks have back-to-back road games against USC and Michigan.

## UCLA

If you were to pick a low point for UCLA, it would be that sinking moment at the end of the first half of the USC game last Nov. 24 when the scoreboard flashed zero for the Bruins and 35 for USC. The situation improved only slightly by game's end, for a 49-14 loss, the fourth straight to UCLA's crosstown rivals. After that the Bruins went on to a 5-6 record, its first losing season since 1971, and there were to be even more cruel blows. Twelve players departed because of scholastic or disciplinary problems, all with eligibility left. Five assistant coaches decamped. Head Coach Terry Donahue's job was said to be on the line. And then came the Pac-10 ruling banning UCLA from bowl games.

Well, it's high time for good news, and there is some. UCLA did not lose a band of talented seniors, who comprise the nucleus of a strong '80 Bruin team. When Donahue recruited this group in 1977, it was widely regarded as the best new class in the nation. Its standouts include Tailback Freeman McNeil, who last year rushed for 1,396 yards to break Wendell Tyler's single-season UCLA record, and Free Safety Kenay Easley (page 32). "Our class was touted as having the ability to bring a national championship to UCLA," says Easley. "This is our opportunity to see if we can do it. This is our year, our team."

Enter Offensive Coordinator Homer Smith, who returns to UCLA after a stint as head coach at Army and a couple of years of study at Harvard Divinity School. Last season, the Bruins had switched to a pass-oriented I formation, but it lacked the sophisticated pass routes to enable UCLA's fine receivers to shine. Now Smith, in effect, is dotting the I. Says McNeil, "Coach Smith has brought in things that UCLA didn't do before—like short dump passes to the backs, and sideline patterns. Opponents will expect a stereotyped UCLA team of the past, and we'll surprise them."

Smith's new pass routes will be run by a receiver corps that has been augmented by the presence of Cormac Carney, who caught 57 passes for 870 yards and eight touchdowns as a freshman at Air Force in 1978, and then sat out last season after transferring to UCLA. As for getting the ball to those receivers, Jay Schroeder looks like the man. He, too, sees this as "our year, our team."

*continued*



## IOWA

As the 1979 season drew to a close, Iowa fans were displaying signs that read NEXT YEAR—PASADENA. That's what you call optimism. Never mind such piddling roadblocks as Ohio State, Michigan and Purdue, consider instead the Hawkeyes themselves. They haven't had a winning season in 19 years.

The source of Iowa optimism is Coach Hayden Fry, a born promoter who has brought wide-open offense to this perennial Big Ten also-ran. Last season, Fry's first at Iowa after six years at North Texas State, where his record was 40-23-3, the Hawkeyes finished 5-6 and came within a triple reverse of a winning season, having led both Nebraska and Oklahoma in the fourth quarter. After the Nebraska loss, 60,000 Iowa fans stood and cheered their team for 10 minutes. "I was furious," Fry insists. "I would much rather have had boos. I told the players to wipe the smiles off their faces. I told them they could smile when they played a good game and won... and only then. There is no such thing as a moral victory."

Win or lose, Fry's football is entertaining. His 1968 SMU team, with Chuck Hixson at quarterback, still holds an NCAA single-game record for putting the ball in the air—69 times. "I think we showed something to a lot of Big Ten teams last year," Fry says. "I hear some of them are switch-

ing to more wide-open offenses. I hope so. It sure makes for a more interesting game." Whether it's the razzle-dazzle or the prospect of a winning season, Iowa fans have already bought up all 60,000 seats for every Hawkeye game this fall, the first preseason sellout in the school's history.

One of Fry's first moves was to install Phil Suess, a 6' 5" junior and pinpoint passer, at quarterback. Under Bob Cummings the season before, Suess had played exactly 8½ seconds and saw most of his action as a quarterback for the scout team. Suess responded to the promotion by completing more than 55% of 159 passes in 10 games.

Fry also junked Iowa's old wing T in favor of multiple sets, and he spends a lot of time practicing what he calls "exotic plays." And after "advertising" through the media that Iowa offers starting berths to speedy running backs, he completed a recruiting coup in the Chicago area: two top rushers, J.C. Love/Jordan (formerly J.C. Love) and Eddie Phillips, are now Hawkeyes. In all, Fry signed five talented backs, including junior college transfer Glenn Buggs. Says Fry, "I can't wait to hear the P.A. man proclaim we now have Love-Buggs in the lineup."

In contrast to the caution of most coaches, Fry is so much the promoter that a temptation exists to discount his contentions. Are his Hawkeyes really that good? "I'm not saying we're going to be 11-0 and go to the Rose Bowl," he says, "but we're going to put on quite a show. It's about time. After 19 years, our fans deserve it."

BEST  
OF THE  
REST

It came as something of a shock last season when Notre Dame lost four of its 11 games and finished out of the Top 20 for the first time in 16 years. Well, here comes more shocking news: next week Coach Dan Devine will start his sixth and last season with yet another team that won't wake up the echoes of Rockne and Leahy. The Irish face Purdue and Michigan for openers and then Alabama and USC at season's end. No wonder the top bracket again looks so distant, even if the Irish do, indeed, emerge as best of all the rest. The challenge is similar to that of last season, which the Irish began with a 12-10 upset of Michigan. That they went on to carve seven victories out of the fourth-toughest schedule in the country was no small feat.

This year the defense will once again rely on Line-

backer Bob Crable, who led the team in tackles with 187. The offense, without Hillback Vagas Ferguson and Quarterback Rusty Liseh, will depend on the arm of whoever wins the job—there are five candidates—and the speed of Split End Tony Hunter (Crable, Hunter and senior Tim Koegel were all teammates at Cincinnati's Moeller High). Still, any return to glory for Notre Dame will depend on this year's freshmen, a crop rated as the fifth-best group in the nation.

On Sept. 20 Syracuse (7-5) will host Miami of Ohio (6-5) in the inaugural game in its \$26.85 million, air-supported 50,000-seat Carrier Dome. The Orangemen have 13 starters back from the Independence Bowl-winning squad of 1979, but they don't include Quarterback Bill Hurley or Receiver Art Monk. The hopes for the offense rest with 5' 7", 180-pound sophomore Running Back Joe Morris, who has picked up 2,373 yards in only two seasons. Kicker Gary Anderson may learn to love the compressed air inside the dome, but then he may not need the extra carry it is said to provide: last season he booted 28 of 28 extra points and 15 of 21 field goals.

Before its 31-7 loss to Syracuse in the Independence Bowl, McNeese State had been undefeated. However, only eight starters are returning to Coach Ernie Duplichin's Cowboy team at this small (5,500 students) school on the shores of Louisiana's Lake Charles. Kicker-punter Don Stump, who won six games with his field goals, is back.

but sophomore Stephan Starnig will be calling signals in place of Chad Millet, and junior Tailback Theron McClenon will take over for Artie Shankle. Within the Southland Conference, Texas-Arlington (9-2), which is in a rebuilding year, and Lamar (6-3-2) represent the Cowboys' major challengers.

Tulane (9-3) lost both Coach Larry Smith (to Arizona) and Quarterback Roch Hontas (via graduation). Coach Vince Gibson, who comes in from Louisville, and Quarterback Nickie Hall are the new men on the spot. Don't expect more upsets on the order of the Waves' 1979 victories over Stanford (33-10) and LSU (24-13), but do expect Linebacker Marty Wetzel and Middle Guard Wilfred Simon to turn up smack in the middle of all the action.

In the Southern Conference, Tennessee at Chattanooga (9-2) is the team to beat. Bill Oliver, former defensive secondary coach at Alabama, takes over a prospering program from Joe Morrison (44-29-8), who has gone to New Mexico. The Moccasins have two-thirds of their lineup back, including Steve Woods (1,203 yards and 10 touchdowns passing) and his running backs, Mike Smith and Gwain Duerden. "Everybody we play will be up for us, because UTC is a marked team," says Oliver with coachly caution.

Since his arrival at Tennessee 3½ years ago, Johnny Majors' teams have gone 4-7, 5-5-1 and 7-5. The '79 Vols played in the Bluebonnet Bowl but lost to Purdue 22-27. Although each year has been better than the previous one, the Vols could flatten out in '80. Majors must replace Jimmy Streater at quarterback and keep the Vols from brooding over the imposing schedule. "It's so tough," says Tackle Tim Irwin, "that we play Southern Cal for a breather." Still, Majors says, "I'm cautiously optimistic." Seven home games don't hurt. Kicker Alan Duncan, who's from Kenya, doesn't either.

Louisiana State (7-5) has said goodbye to Coach Charlie McClendon after 17 years, 137 wins, 59 losses and seven ties, and hello to Jerry Stovall, the 39-year-old hometown hero who inherits 40 Tiger lettermen, including 12 starters. Stovall was an All-America halfback for the Tigers in the early 1960s.

Behind North Carolina in the Atlantic Coast Conference, the race is wide open. Maryland (7-4) has regained three stars it lost to injuries early last year—Tight End Eric Sievers, Defensive Back Lloyd Burruss and Middle Guard Marlin Van Horn—and with 29 players who have started at least one game, the Terps could have a strong season. Running Back Charlie Wysocki (1,140 yards in nine games), Safety Ralph Lary (seven interceptions) and Dale Castro (16 straight field goals last season) are quality performers.

After three fine years and three straight bowl trips, Cleme-



son (8-4) is rebuilding. The Tigers lost half their starters, including Quarterback Billy Lott. North Carolina State (8-4) was similarly depleted. Wake Forest went from 1-10 in 1978 to 8-4 and the Tangerine Bowl, the Deacons' first bowl since 1949. The offense will miss running backs Albert Kirby and James McDougald, but Quarterback Jay Venuto and his top receivers are back, along with the formidable kicking game and eight defenders.

Independent East Carolina (7-3-1) is breaking in a coach.

In six years with the Pirates, Pat Dye guided ECU to a 48-18-1 record, then went to Wyoming in January, taking his staff with him. The new mentor, Ed Emory, formerly defensive line coordinator at Georgia Tech, is molding a team around Halfback Anthony Collins and Fullback Theodore Sutton, stars of a ground attack that was tops in the nation (368.5 yards a game).

In practically any conference other than the Southwest, Baylor (8-4) might be a major contender. It is coming off a 24-18 victory over Clemson in the Peach Bowl, and everything points to an up year for the Bears except a schedule that lists, in order, Houston, SMU, Texas A&M, Arkansas and Texas. Coach Grant Teaff is even a little uneasy about opening against Lamar on that school's home field. "I'll tell you right now that that's no snap," he says. "We'll have to play the best football of the season to beat them in Beaumont." Baylor's best: All-America Linebacker Mike Singletary, who averages 15.7 tackles a game. At Texas A&M (6-5) it's Coach Tim Wilson's second full season. In the first, Tailback Curtis Dickey & Co. upended Penn State (27-14), SMU (47-14) and Texas (13-7). To repeat that performance, the Aggies will have to get a lot of growing up from a group of 26 freshmen who are rated the best in the SWC this year.

Mark down Indiana State (8-3) for the Missouri Valley Conference title. The Sycamores have a new coach, former defensive coordinator Dennis Raetz, who took the place of Dick Jamieson, now an assistant with the St. Louis Cardinals, but Raetz, 34, has 44 lettermen (including 17 starters) returning. Three All-Conference players excel on offense, including Reggie Allen (1,895 yards of total offense last season). His receivers, Eddie Ruffin and Kirk Wilson, had 50 catches and 1,051 yards between them. Tulsa (6-5) and Southern Illinois (8-3) are the Missouri Valley's next best.

In the Mid-American Conference, Central Michigan (10-0-1) should extend its 18-game unbeaten streak and its domination of the league, in spite of up-and-coming Toledo (7-3-1). The Rockets' outstanding player is Roverback Mike Kennedy, who made 60 unassisted tackles and had four interceptions in '79.

*continued*

Oklahoma State (7-4) might be a late-bloomer: the Cowboys won their last three games in '79 and have virtually everyone back except Quarterback Harold Bailey. Coach Jimmy Johnson has an all-conference fullback in Worley Taylor and a good wide receiver in Ron Ingram.

With half of the Pac-10 ineligible for the Rose Bowl, Washington (8-3), which upset Texas 14-7 in the Sun Bowl, could have something to say about Pasadena. For one thing, the Huskies have a known quantity in senior Quarterback Tom Flick. He stepped in in the eighth week of last season and led the team to four wins in the last five games, and in his one loss (24-17 to USC), converted on 18 of 28 passes for 245 yards. His completion percentage was 60.9%. Seven other returning starters include Fullback Toussaint Tyler. If the offense is solid, not so the defense. Coach Don James is compensating for inexperience with a new flex defense patterned after the Dallas Cowboys. "We call it the Animal Package because of our terminology," says James. "It's 'Bear,' 'Lion' or 'Tiger,' depending on which defensive lineman is backed off the line of scrimmage."

In Coach Dave Curry's fourth season at Long Beach (Calif.) State (7-4) the '49ers should push past San Jose State (6-4-1) and Utah State (7-3-1) to the top of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association. Twenty-one transfers, including three J.C. All-Americans (Punter Mike Horan, Linebacker Michael Otis and Defensive Tackle Anthony Swain), complement Curry's 32 returning lettermen. Tackle Ben Rudolph and All-PCAA Safety Ervin Cobbs are defensive standouts, and Ralph Petrosian a pressure field-goal kicker. The Western Athletic Conference faces some knotty questions that will take all season to be answered. What becomes of Air Force (2-9), now without Quarterback Dave Ziebart, as the only service academy with a conference affiliation? Has Utah (6-6) recovered sufficiently from a so-so season to make a charge at second place? It would seem so have the numbers (50 lettermen and 10 transfers), but San Diego State (8-3) may have the better chance with Quarterback Matt Koller on the roster. At Mesa (Calif.) J.C., Koller completed 146 of 248 passes for 2,236 yards and 26 touchdowns, while running for 455 yards and seven TDs. As for Nevada-Las Vegas (9-1-2), its bid for WAC membership faces another year of study. The Rebels, meanwhile, have five starters at the skill positions on an offense that ranked third in the nation in total offense (472 yards per game).

Two years ago Navy won nine games, including a 23-16 victory over BYU in the Holiday Bowl, after which it lost Quarterback Bob Leszczynski. Bob Powers took over last year behind the Middies' finest line in a decade, and Navy went 7-4. Now he is gone, and Coach George Welsh has moved Fred Reitzel, a two-year starter at safety, to quarterback. Says Welsh, "If we can find some help in the offensive line and defensive secondary, we could be all right." The Middies had a total of 21 first- and second-teamers injured during spring drills, but they'll have time to recuperate before midseason, when Navy faces Washington, Notre Dame, Syracuse and Georgia Tech. The situation at Army (2-8-1) continues to be grim. Coach Lou Saban quit.

The new man is Ed Cavanaugh, and he hasn't got much to march with.

The 100th anniversary season of football at Dartmouth (4-4-1) should be considerably more auspicious. Coach Joe Yukica's team is just reaching its peak, led by the troika of Quarterback Jeff Kemp, Receiver Dave Shula and Halfback Jeff Dufresne. The Big Green's biggest obstacle in its run for the Ivy League title will be the Yale jinx. Dartmouth has scored only 13 points against the Eli (8-1) in their last three meetings.

Temple (10-2) made it to the Garden State Bowl, its first postseason game in 45 years, and triumphed over Cal 28-17. But the Owls have probably peaked. They will be without Brian Broomell, the NCAA's No. 2-ranked passer, and Mark Bright, their 1,000-yard halfback. Receiver Gerald (Sweet-foot) Luccar will still be looking for TD passes (he had 13 to top the country last year), but the defense will be weaker now that Linebacker Mike Curcio is gone.

**R**utgers (8-3) should have no great difficulty achieving its ninth straight winning season. The Scarlet Knights' finest moment in '79 was a 13-7 upset of Tennessee. This season they face Alabama. There are 17 returning starters, including Quarterback Ed McMichael (58.8 completion percentage) plus the entire starting backfield and four of six offensive linemen.

Boston College (5-6), having won four of its last five games, which is four more than it won in all of '78, has 39 lettermen back. Eagle Linebacker Jim Budness is All-America caliber and sophomore Quarterback John Loughery looks ready for a good year. Colgate (5-4-1) improved steadily as last season progressed, and it, too, has the core of that squad—19 first-teamers in all. The offense is anchored by Center Tony Bubniak. All-East Linebacker Joe Murphy led the team in tackles with 146.

Howard Schnellenberger begins his second season as coach of Miami (5-6) with all but two starters returning. The Hurricanes face, in order, Houston, Florida State, Notre Dame, Mississippi State and Penn State. Last season, in his first start, Quarterback Jim Kelly completed 18 of 30 passes for 280 yards and three touchdowns to lead the Hurricanes to a 26-10 upset of the Nittany Lions. This year he'll not only have his superb receivers on hand—Pat Walker (26.4 yards per catch), Larry Brodsky and Jim Joiner—but also two potentially outstanding backs in freshmen Robert Neal and Keith Griffin (whose older brother Archie owns a pair of Heisman Trophies). The defensive line, perennially a way station for the pros, features Middle Guard Jim Burt and End Tim Flanagan.

Villanova (5-6) is minus but four of its first-teamers and has a good chance for its first winning season since 1976. Senior Quarterback Pat O'Brien has 3,362 passing yards.

West Virginia (5-6) has a new Mountaineer Field (capacity 50,000) and a new coach, Don Nehlen (formerly an assistant at Michigan). It also has experience, chiefly in Quarterback Oliver Luck, Tailback Robert Alexander and Linebacker Delbert Fowler.

CONTINUED



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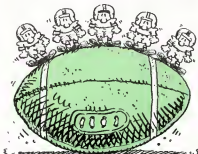
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## SMALL COLLEGES



**T**his is the NCAA's version of the Not-Ready-for-Prime-Time Players. There are now 46 teams in Division I-AA, up from 39 last year, and enthusiasm is growing right along with the numbers. "It's been an outstanding opportunity for us in particular," says Donald Combs, athletic director of champion Eastern Kentucky University. After an 11-2 season, the Colonels won the I-AA title with a 30-7 defeat of Lehigh last December and, says Combs, "our exposure has gone up dramatically."

With good reason. Eastern Kentucky won an uphill battle to gain the top spot. The Colonels' two regular-season losses had put them behind Murray (Ky.) State in the Ohio Valley Conference standings, but when Grambling State (8-3) was upset by Southern 14-7 in the final week of the season, Eastern Kentucky was selected for the four-team playoffs. Then in the semifinal game, EKU and Nevada-Reno were tied before a field goal won it for the Colonels, 33-30 in double overtime.

This year, 33 lettermen are back to defend the crown, including Fullback Dale Patton and Tailback Alvin Miller, who combined for 1,506 yards and 18 touchdowns. But only four starters return to the defense, and if that isn't enough to worry Coach Roy Kidd, he must also break in a new quarterback.

Murray State (9-2-1), which lost to Lehigh 28-9 in the other semifinal, is a good bet to race back to the playoffs. The Thoroughbreds have 20 returning starters, the best of whom may be All-America Safety Terry Lowe. This could be bad news for other Ohio Valley contenders, Austin Peay (Tenn.)

State (7-4 in '79) and Western Kentucky (5-5). Lehigh (10-3), the Division I-AA runner-up, should have another winner for Coach-of-the-Year John Whitehead. Returning to the defense are seven starters who allowed an average of just 7.2 points per game, most notably secondary mainstays Lou D'Annibali, Charley Marck and Keith Conley.

Last year's Division II champion, Delaware (13-1), moves up to I-AA this fall, and should be an immediate contender. In their three playoff games, the Blue Hens scored 156 points while giving up 59. Quarterback Scott Brunner was drafted by the New York Giants, but the Hens, with junior Rick Scully taking the snaps, have plenty left. Boston University (8-1-1) will once again be top dog in the Yankee Conference (11th-ranked passer Jim Jensen calls signals for the Terriers) especially since rival Massachusetts (6-4) will be without Quarterback Mike McEvilly.

After two straight years in the playoffs, Nevada-Reno (8-4) comes back as strong as ever. Fullback Frank Hawkins, who led the division with 1,683 yards rushing, is back, as are 10 starters on defense. All this plus a new mascot, an Arctic wolf named Sazar.

Boise State (10-1) is off its one-year probation and on a 10-game winning streak. The Broncos have all but two starters back to help All-Conference Defensive End Ralph Esposito, and eight Broncos return to the second-ranked offense, led by Joe Allotti, the division's most efficient passer (65.75% for 1,870 yards). Tailback Cedric Minter ran for 1,012 yards in '79.

Impressive enough, but the Broncos' independent neighbor, Portland State (6-5), is due for a change of luck. Of 377 points scored by the Vikings and 271 by their opponents, a total of only 12 points separated Portland from a perfect season. If senior Quarterback Neil Lomax can't make up for an over-generous defense, nobody can. He has thrown 1,133 passes and connected on 642 (56.7%) for 9,188 yards, and his receivers are outstanding: Stuart Gausson (90 catches), Clint Didier (51) and Fullback Joel Siegel (47), also the I-AA scoring leader with 16 touchdowns.

Alcorn (Miss.) State (8-2) of the Southwestern Conference was tops in defense, giving up only 166.4 yards per game. The Braves' offense, however, ranked 38th out of the 39. In 1980, it promises to be just as rank. However, Alcorn's so-called "Tunnel Defense," which allegedly allows no daylight, has 10 members back, including Safety Leslie Frazier, whose 10 interceptions led the division.

With Delaware now in Division I-AA, crowing rights in Division II should belong to Youngstown (Ohio) State, which was 11-1 before losing to Delaware 38-21 in the championship game in Albuquerque. The Penguins have a tough schedule and have lost 13 first-stringers, but Tailback Robby Robson, who gained 1,489 yards and led the division with 20 touchdowns, is returning, and 110 hopefuls showed up at spring practice to keep him company.

To earn its third straight playoff berth, Youngstown will have to hold off those cats from Eastern Illinois and Northern Michigan. Eastern's Panthers (7-4) will be playing without Chris (Poke) Cobb, who set the small-college career

rushing record of 5,042 yards after averaging 146.3 yards a game last year. However, Northern Michigan's Wildcats (4-6) are counting on Quarterback Phil Kessel and receivers Scott Sible and Mark Marina. Kessel was the Division II leader in total offense (2,164 yards) last season.

Morgan State (9-2) made the playoffs in Coach Clarence Thomas' second season, and should do it again. Sophomore Quarterback Darrell Coulter will again be at the helm along with the mainstays of the "Quiet Storm" defense, safeties Vaughn Dennis and Mark Young.

Virginia Union (10-2) and Mississippi College (10-3) both suffered playoff losses to Delaware—58-28 and 60-10 respectively. The Panthers, who led Division II in defense (allowing 138.3 yards and 6.1 points per game), are rebuilding, but Mississippi should make the championship finals, with Quarterback Wade Pharis returning to lead the Choctaws offense and all but two first stringers back on defense.

At St. Joseph's College (8-2) 18 starters return, and the Mike Houston-to-Gus Pasquini/John Geske pass-catch team is intact. Between them, the two receivers had 80 catches in '79. Coach Al Jacks of Clarion (Pa.) State (9-1) faces his biggest rebuilding task in 18 years as coach.

Springfield College (8-2) and Towson State (9-1) will be strong in the East, while UC-Davis, after a 6-3-1 showing, also has some rebuilding to do to keep up with Santa Clara in the West. The Broncos (6-3) have the division's top-rated passer, Dave Alfaro, who completed 110 of 168 passes for 1,721 yards, and he has 18 of his teammates back.

Two years ago Ithaca (N.Y.) College lost its Division III semifinal playoff game to Wittenberg (Ohio) 6-3. Last December the Bombers (11-2) retaliated in the championship game, defeating Wittenberg 14-10, and this season Ithaca should hold the spotlight on the strength of its defense, headed by All-East tackles Jimmy Hoffman and Carl Guidotti. The Tigers (11-1), having lost all 11 starters from the I-format offense, won't be quite as lucky.

A better bet for the finals is Ohio Conference rival Denison (7-2). The Big Red boasts Division III's leader in both rushing and total offense. He is single-wing Tailback Clay Sampson, now a senior, who amassed 2,255 yards—1,517 rushing and 738 passing. And hot behind Denison comes Baldwin-Wallace (8-2) which expects 33 lettermen to return to the playoffs.

In the Middle-Atlantic Conference, Widener (10-1), loser to Wittenberg in a semifinal playoff, could be topped by either Franklin & Marshall (7-2), which features seventh-ranked Quarterback Rob Sheppardson, or Lycoming (Pa.) College (8-1-1), whose Rick Bard ranked eleventh among quarterbacks and was the conference MVP in '79.

While Carnegie-Mellon (10-1) faces a down year, the University of Dubuque (9-1), which had won nine straight before losing to Ithaca in the playoffs, should be improved. The Spartans' offense features All-America Tackle Gene Rowell.

The strength of the NAIA Division I is in the Lone Star Conference, the home of the national champ for 10 of the last

11 years. In 1979, Texas A&I had resigned itself to regrouping under a new coach, Ron Harms. Instead, the Javelinas (12-1) won the NAIA title, defeating Central (Okla.) State 20-14 in the Palm Bowl in McAllen, Tex. It was A&I's seventh national championship, and with a defense, featuring Cornerback Emmanuel Thompson, it is strong enough to make a bid for another. But the Javelinas will have to fend off improved conference rivals Angelo (Tex.) State (9-3) and Stephen F. Austin (8-3).

Central State (11-2) will again feature Quarterback Scott Burger, who also kicks off, punts, and returns kicks. In the same backfield is Running Back Steve Tate, an All-America who has rushed for 3,561 career yards.

**A**fter winning its first postseason berth ever, Presbyterian (S.C.) (11-2) now has defensive holes to fill, but Quarterback Jimmy Spence and a settled offense should be able to stave off Mars Hill (7-2-1) and its All-America safety, Steve Campbell, for the South Atlantic Conference title.

Fairmont (W.Va.) State (9-1-1) had the top defense in the NAIA (allowing an average 6.7 points per game), and has 44 lettermen back. Kearney State (8-2) has only nine returning starters, but they include Quarterback Dan Carstens and Tailback Dan Boomhower, whose rushing (828 yards last year) will help aim the Antelopes at the Palm Bowl.

The NAIA Division II defending champion is Findlay (Ohio) College (10-1-1), which defeated Northwestern (Iowa) 51-6 in the championship game. One reason for Findlay's success is Fullback Nelson Boden, who had 1,300 yards and 23 touchdowns last year. The Oilers' toughest competition figures to come from inside its own Hooisier-Buckeye Conference, where Hanover (Ind.) (7-2), Anderson (7-2), and Wilmington (Ind.) (5-4) have improved.

Northwestern (10-2), however, will have trouble avenging its loss in the finals. The Red Raiders have 15 starters back, but lost two defensive All-Americans (Dennis Peters and Blaine Duistermars) as well as Quarterback Galen Kaemling.

Bethany (Kans.) will have similar problems. The Swedes (11-1), who lost to Northwestern in postseason play, have the longest regular-season unbeaten streak (29 games) in the country, but must replace All-America Quarterback Mark Eggers and 12 other starters. Pacific Lutheran (9-2) is set with 16 first-teamers, including All-America Defensive Back Scott Kessler. Coach John Cagliardi, who has a 173-59-6 record in 27 years as head coach at St. John's (Minn.) (7-2), will be coaching his son, John Jr., a quarterback who should be instrumental in the Johannes' bid to keep up with St. Olaf (7-3), Concordia (7-3) and St. Thomas (6-3).

END

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*The scouting reports—Top 20, Five to Watch, Best of the Rest and Small Colleges—were written by Joe Marshall, Mike DelNagro and Brooks Clark*

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## It's been some rocky year

*The spunky Rocky Mount (N.C.) Pines are easily the worst team in organized ball and maybe the worst in history*

Rain poured. Puddles widened in the infield, and a brown sloppy pool rose to the edge of the dugout and then flowed down the steps. It was jacket night, but at 7:30 sharp, the game was called. "That's the story of our season," said Mal Fichman, the manager of the Rocky Mount Pines, who has been dubbed Mal Function by the local paper. "Our home opener was a rainout, too."

But even worse were those nights in between when it didn't rain. Many nights. Long nights. The Pines, a first-year independent Class A franchise in the Carolina League, have far and away the worst record in professional baseball. Through Sunday they were 25-108-1, breaking the league record of 106 defeats in a season, with six games to play. "Cake," says Steve Swain, the first baseman, who has already been voted the team's Most Valuable Player on the strength of his .251 average, seven homers and 45 RBIs, even though he is missing the final month of the season because of torn ligaments in his left elbow. "We're all over that record."

The Pines have lost convincingly and with remarkable consistency. The Carolina League divides its season into two halves, with all teams starting again at 0-0 midway through. In the first half, the Pines were 14-55-1, in last place 27½ games behind the division winner. In the second half they are even worse, 10-53—that's .159, fans—and a robust 27½ games off the pace. Their longest losing streak has been 18 games; their longest winning streak, which wasn't accomplished until June 11, two. (Dizzied by success, the Pines lost their next game 13-0.) Rocky Mount is last in the league in pitching, hitting and defense. The Pines' offense, with a team batting average of .218, represents a daring but unsuccessful attempt to merge lack of speed (62 stolen bases) with lack of power (21 home runs). The pitching staff combines wildness (688 walks, 92 wild pitches) with poor velocity (608 strikeouts, 5.03 ERA).

The coaching is questionable, the fan support scarce, and the owner has never seen the team play—which under the circumstances may be forgivable. Still, his frugality should qualify the entire team for welfare.

So why are these guys smiling? "It's been the funnest, greatest time I've ever had," says Infielder Jim Gabella, one of three Pines players who were chosen for the all-star game. To Gabella's amazement, he hit a home run, the game-winner. "This year," he says, "has been like the Twilight Zone."

Last fall, when the Carolina League decided to expand from six to eight teams, league president Jim Mills got in touch with Fichman in Newark, N.Y., where he was running the Co-Pilots of the N.Y.-Penn League. The owner of the Co-Pilots, Lou Hanales of Miami, liked Fichman's idea of moving up to a tougher league, and they settled on Rocky Mount as the location. Because the Pines weren't affiliated with a major league organization, they would have to supply their own players. Five came from the Co-Pilots, and eight others were signed from the 650 who paid \$220 apiece to attend the instructional schools Fichman and Hanales conducted in Ocala, Fla. and Rocky Mount. The rest of the club was made up of players who had been released from other organizations, at contracts that paid them the minimum minor league wage of \$325 per month.

"I got released at nine o'clock the last morning of spring training," says Swain, who was with the Phillies organization. "I called Mal at 10, was in Ocala by two, took a few cuts, fielded a few balls, and was told I had the job as the first baseman. When he told me the salary was \$325 I couldn't believe it. But I would have taken it if he'd said \$25."

After the opening rainout, things went

from bad to worse. The Pines lost their first 16 games against the Kinston Blue Jays, seven times by one run. Advertising on the outfield walls didn't sell well, media coverage became sparse, and attendance was lackluster—an average of 452 per game (in a 5,000-seat park) and only 44 the night Steve Swain was injured. "There were more players gathered over me than there were fans in the stands," he recalls.

Rocky Mount has known losers before. There is a plaque 11 miles outside of town marking the spot where Cornwallis routed the North Carolina militia in 1781. It is also no stranger to athletic misfortune. Another Rocky Mount baseball team, the Railroaders, paid Jim Thorpe a few dollars in 1909 and 1910, an indiscretion that eventually cost him his amateur standing and two Olympic gold medals. Still, Rocky Mount wasn't prepared for anything as catastrophic as the Pines, and the townspeople quickly adopted an attitude of passive bemusement. One Texaco dealer, providing directions to the Pines' ball park, said wryly, "I know where they go. I don't know if they play much when they get there." Had he ever



Bob Brennan (left), Ray Jablonski and Scott Gibson get cozy in their "Mayberry, R.F.D." pad

seen a game? "I been once. They didn't win." The young man pumping gas behind him chimed in, "I been 12 times. They didn't win yet."

After one gruesome stretch in May, culminating in a loss to Alexandria, Va., Fichman stood up in the team bus and announced that anyone not in the hotel bar in 25 minutes would be fined \$25—which is 2½ days' pay. Some \$400 of Fichman's own money later, the team closed the joint.

"Guys were starting to look crossways at each other," says Fichman. "It eliminated some frictions we didn't need. There's no way a night like that's going to make anybody a better player, but we'd already tried everything else—batting practice, no batting practice, infield at 8:30 in the morning. I used to touch third base every time I went out to the coaching box. I even stopped that."

On June 4 conditions were such that Hanales threatened to close down operations if expenses couldn't be cut. On other occasions, he wanted to get rid of the trainer and slash the roster to 16 players, moves Fichman avoided by taking a 25% cut in pay himself. The Pittsburgh and Boston organizations helped by providing five players who weren't getting the chance to play every day. "I was excited at first," says Kevin Grubbs, a pitcher from the Boston system whose record with the Pines is 1-9. "Then I looked up their record in *The Sporting News*—9-48. Thanks, guys."

The high point of the season came in the first game of the second half, when a 10th-inning walk forced in the winning

run for the Pines, and for one brief shining moment they were tied for first place. Things quickly returned to normal, and before long they reeled off that 18-game losing streak, one shy of the league record. When Hanales temporarily refused to pay the players' salaries, the Pines held a meeting to consider quitting. Said Swain, "How can we quit? Where can we go? This is the bottom of the barrel." They voted to stay and play.

"I think the players have a little bit of pride in themselves, as bad as we are," says Fichman. "That's rare at the minor league level."

Oddly, their horrendous season seems to have drawn the Pines closer together rather than split them apart. The pitchers don't blame the anemic hitters; the hitters don't blame the erratic pitchers. Indeed, the Pines have found a way to explain 108 losses without anyone looking the worse. The culprit is depth. Ask any of them: Just why have you lost so many games? Depth. You see, it's not the fault of anyone who's there. What the heck, they're all playing good. It's the guys that aren't there. A safe, faceless fellow called Depth. What's more, it's at least partly true. Hanales limits the roster to 21 players—the league permits 25—and of those, two are now injured and two others poked up and left. The bullpen is down to two full-time relievers, one of whom, Mike Brown, set a league record the other night with his 70th appearance. Says Brown, "The best thing that happened to this club all year was when the team bus broke down outside a massage parlor on the way to Winston-Salem."

Every man on the team is playing as hard as he can with the thought—delusion, more likely—that some major league organization will pick him up at the end of the year. "If you lose 8-5," says Swain, "you come back saying, 'Hey, good game.' You lose 2-1, you come back and everybody's pumped. You take the next best thing, you know?"

"It's no fun losing 108 games," says left-handed Pitcher Bob Bresnen (1-5, 3.90), "especially in Mayberry R.F.D. The only reason you do it is because you love baseball." He sighs and leans back in the lawn chair that was his bed his first week at Rocky Mount. Four of the Pines share an apartment with him, two sleeping in the living room, one in the kitchen. The air-conditioning has been out for three weeks and it's about 100° inside with the ripe pungence of Château Sweat Socks, 1980. Says Bresnen, "All I can say is, for my first year in pro ball, this has been an experience."

## THE WEEK

(August 17-23)

by HERM WEISKOPF

**AL WEST** Kansas City (5-2) didn't live by Bret Boone (page 14). Reliever Dan Quisenberry, who pitched in four straight games and five overall, didn't allow a run in 8½ innings while getting four saves and his 10th win. Quisenberry attributed his success to the effectiveness of his best pitch, which he calls his "Peggy Lee," and the absence of another, which he has labeled his "Titanic." His Peggy Lee, an underhand sinker, is so called because puzzled batters look at it and, according to Quiz, say, "Is that all there is?" When Quisenberry's touch is askew, he is apt to throw his Titanic, an "unsinkable" pitch that "usually sails over the fence." Quisenberry leads the majors with 28 saves, two coming last week in support of Rich Gale, who won for the 10th and 11th times in succession.

Despite being outthrust 10-2 and getting two wild pitches and a pair of balls from Mike Norris, Oakland (1-5) defeated Boston 2-1. The A's first hit off Dennis Eckersley was a leadoff single in the seventh by Mitchell Page, who stole second, went to third on an error and scored on a sacrifice fly. Oakland's other hit was an eighth-inning homer by Mario Guerrero. Ed Farmer picked up his 21st and 22nd saves for Chicago (4-3), the latter sealing a 2-0 victory for Brit Burns over Toronto.

Fine relief work gave four other teams a  
continued



lift Danny Darwin of the Rangers (4-4) retired all eight Brewers he faced as he brought his record to 11-2 with a 7-5 triumph. Doug Corbett of the Twins (5-4) gave up just one hit in 3½ innings as he achieved his 13th and 14th saves. And Minnesota's Fernando Arroyo, pitching three shutout innings, was a 6-3 winner over Detroit. Four days earlier, as a starting role, Arroyo had beaten California 8-3. The only win for the Angels (1-7) came when Andy Haseley tossed three innings of hitless relief against the Yankees to wrap up an 8-4 victory. For the Mariners (3-3), it was Shane Rawley who got the job done. Rawley held off the Yankees 6-4 when he worked out of a bases-loaded, no-out jam in the ninth by getting two strikeouts and a soft fly ball. Bob Dresler's two victories—4-3 over Oakland and 3-1 over Boston—were saved by Rawley, who got the last three outs each time. But Rick Honeycutt, an early-season whiz when he was 7-1, lost to New York 3-1, his record dropping to 8-14.

**KC 79-44 OAK 63-61 TEX 59-63 MINN 54-70  
CHI32-63 CAL 49-72 SEA 44-78**

**AL EAST** "We thrive on it," said Scott McGregor of the Orioles (7-0) when the subject of pentant pressure came up. Indeed they did. During August-to-the-finish drives in the past 12 seasons, Baltimore has played .619 ball. The 1980 Orioles have a 29-9 record since July 15, a spurt that has brought them from 11 games back to within half a length of the Yankees. A crowd of 50,073 in Baltimore saw McGregor blank New York 1-0 on Sunday and 51,528 watched the Birds hold off the Yankees 6-5 the next day. In all, 253,636 fans attended the five-day matchup, a major league record for any series. McGregor also won 7-1 in California as Rich Dauer, a 429 batter last week, had four hits. That was victory No. 15 for McGregor. Steve Stone didn't allow the Angels a hit for 7½ innings and won 5-2 to become the season's first 20-game winner. He picked up No. 21 in Oakland, where Dan Grahm homered twice and had four RBIs as Stone won 4-2. Tim Lincecum got the last five outs of that game, all on strikeouts.

Could it be that the team from the Big Apple swallowed a McIntosh? The New Yorkers hit into nine double plays and stranded 57 runners, 14 during a 6-4 loss to Seattle in which they outbit the Mariners 12-6. Owner George Steinbrenner flew to Seattle to render advice. As a result, Bobby Mueller was made the full-time DH. Steinbrenner also told Manager Dick Howser to play Bob Watson full time at first base rather than platoon him with slumping Jim Spencer. Ron Gaudy was put in the bullpen, a move he had volunteered to make anyway. Rudy May, who replaced Gaudy in the rotation, was a 5-2 winner over California as Watson homered, Rick Cerone drove in three runs

and Rich Gossage earned his 21st save. The Brewers (4-4) got their hopes up when a 12-5 romp over the Tigers put them within 6½ games of first, but then their pitching collapsed. While dropping four of the next five games, Brewer pitchers were shelled for 36 runs. Not even the potent Milwaukee offense could overcome that. Cecil Cooper hit .441 and his 11 RBIs brought him to 95, tops in both leagues. Ben Oglive slugged four of the team's 13 homers to reach 32; and Robin Yount picked up his 1,000th career hit. Yount, who is 24 years and 11 months old, is one of the youngest ever to reach 1,000.

Two others who hit well were Dave Stapleton, 26, of the Red Sox (3-2) and Tom Brookens, 27, of the Tigers (4-5). A .417 week lifted Stapleton's average to .319. After being benched because he didn't run out a pop-up, Brookens returned to the lineup and went 1 for 9 before getting untracked. With 14 hits in his next 21 at bats, he had a .469 week that brought him up to .281. Brookens, a third baseman, was at his best during an 8-6 victory in Milwaukee, going 5 for 5 with a triple and homer, sealing a base and starting Detroit's first triple play since 1969 by plying a line drive. Teammate Jack Morris also began the week on a dismal note—he was bantished to the bullpen—and then came on strong. Because the Tigers needed an extra starter, Morris got the call in Minnesota. He gave up a first-inning single and two unearned runs—and then nothing more as he won 4-2.

Chicago rookie Leo Sutherland broke up no-hit tries by two Cleveland (5-4) pitchers. Sutherland's drag-bunt single leading off the sixth was the first of three hits given up by Len Barker, who struck out 12 and won 4-2. Two days later, Sutherland singled with one out in the ninth for the only hit off Dan Spillner, a 3-0 winner. Barker's 15th win came when he beat Kansas City 6-1 with the aid of three hits by Alan Bannister, who batted 500 for the week.

Although the Blue Jays (2-4) didn't hit a home run all week, they won a series in Minnesota for the first time in four years. Steve Braun's pinch double in the ninth dropped the Twins 4-3 and three RBIs by Ernie Whitt helped defeat Minnesota 10-4.

**NY 74-45 BAL 73-48 MIL 67-58 BOS 63-56  
CLE 63-58 DET 63-56 TOR 50-71**

**NL EAST** "They'll never catch on to it because there's always the element of surprise," said Rodney Scott of the Expos (3-4) about his 19th steal of third this season. It was the eighth time Scott had swiped third on a delayed steal as the ball was being returned to the pitcher. Scott, who stole four bases in one game and seven for the week, now has 51. Ron LeFlore's four gave him 81. The two have an excellent chance of surpassing the major league mark for teammates set in 1974 when

Lou Brock stole 118 and Bake McBride 30 for the Cardinals. LeFlore also could become the third major-leaguer, after Brock and Maury Wills, to steal 100 or more bases in a season. Bill Gullikson won twice for the Expos, 4-2 in Pittsburgh as Scott singled in two runs in the ninth, and then 2-0 over San Diego.

Rick Rhoden, another double winner, enabled Pittsburgh (3-4) to remain two games ahead of Montreal. After defeating the Expos 5-1, he dominated the Reds 2-1. Philadelphia (4-3) completed its first five-game sweep of a team in 25 years by taking a doubleheader in New York, 9-4 and 4-1. Steve Carlton (19-7) fanned 11 Mets while winning the opener. Mike Schmidt walloped his 33rd and 34th home runs during a rare weekday afternoon game against San Diego that was billed as a "Businesspersons' Special." The teams finally concluded their business in five hours and seven minutes, with the Phillies winning 9-8 on 22 hits. The last two came in the 17th inning when Schmidt singled and McBride tripled. McBride led the Phil's lefty .306 hitting with a .424 wack.

Seven innings of one-run relief gave Pete Falcone of the Mets (2-5) a 5-1 victory over the Giants. Falcone took over for Craig Swan, who left with a shoulder injury that will sideline him until next season. Neil Allen's 22nd save put the finishing touches to Ray Burns' 4-2 triumph over the Dodgers.

Ted Simmons had four hits, two of them homers, as Bob Forsch of the Cardinals (2-4) beat the Reds 10-1 with a four-hitter. John Fulgham held Atlanta to five hits in a 7-4 win. But Garret Templeton, who recently returned to action after fracturing his left thumb, broke his right index finger last Sunday night and has not played since.

Rick Reuschel of the Cubs (1-5) drove in two runs as he stopped the Cardinals 6-2 for his fifth straight win.

**PIT 69-64 MONT 67-56 PHIL 64-58  
NY 58-65 STL 53-67 CHI 49-72**

**NL WEST** Houston (7-0) spent the week playing what seemed to be double-or-nothing—and winning. Altogether, the Astros rapped out 19 two-base hits, five by Cesar Cedeno and four by Danny Heep, who hit .500. Eight two-baggers helped Houston sweep a doubleheader in San Diego, 5-0 behind Ken Forsch and 9-2 behind Joe Nickro. Six more doubles—two each by Cedeno and Jose Cruz—led to a 12-5 drubbing of Pittsburgh. But the most significant hit of the week was an unexpected single in the 17th inning of a scoreless game against Chicago. After Enos Cabell opened the inning with a single, Nickro, in his first relief appearance since 1978, singled in the game's only run. He and two other Houston relievers yielded only one hit in nine innings. That topped off a series of superlative efforts by the Astro bullpen, which accounted for

*continued*



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### BASEBALL continued

three wins and two saves while yielding just 10 hits in 23½ innings. Joe Sambuto fired 8½ innings of shutout ball. Frank LaCorte live. Bert Roberge 4½ and Dave Smith three as the relievers extended their scoreless-inning string to 33½.

San Francisco (4-2) also got some hitting from its pitchers and finally moved above .500. Pitcher Tom Griffin homered off Steve Carlton of the Phillies and the Giants went on to win 4-3 in 10 innings. And Allen Ripley tripped in two runs and downed Philadelphia 6-2 on seven hits.

Although Steve Garvey batted 400 and finished off the Expos 5-4 with a homer in the 10th, the Dodgers (4-2) slipped three games behind the Astros. Dawey Lopes and Ron Cey also had game-winning hits, and Jerry Reuss beat Montreal 5-1 for his 15th win.

Cincinnati (3-3), which began the week in a virtual tie with Houston for first, fell 3½ lengths back. George Foster homered as the Reds knocked off the Dodgers 6-2 and the Cardinals 4-3. Most of the time,

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**AL OLIVER:** The Ranger outfielder tied an American League record with four homers in a doubleheader (three in the nightcap). All in all, he hit five home runs and three doubles, scored 10 runs, had 13 RBIs, batted .457.

though, the offense sputtered, producing only four runs in three deficits. During a 2-1 loss to Pittsburgh's Rick Rhoden, the Reds didn't hit a ball out of the infield until the seventh inning.

Like his brother Joe, Phil Niekro of the Braves (5-1) made a rare relief appearance and became a winner in extra innings when Glenn Hubbard doubled in the 11th to stop the Cubs 5-4. And also like Joe, Phil won as a starter, defeating Chicago 6-4 as Dale Murphy drove in four runs. Murphy, who hit three home runs, had 14 RBIs and batted .458, also had two productive outings in support of Doyle Alexander. Murphy's double, homer and five RBIs helped Alexander breeze past San Francisco 8-2. Alexander, who pitched six hitless innings against the Giants, upped his record to 12-6 as he hurled 7½ more hitless innings against the Cardinals and won 7-2. Murphy had four hits in that game, matching St. Louis' total.

Rookie Luis Salazar hit .500 for the Padres (1-6), who ended a run of 32 scoreless innings. Rolfe Fingers got his 16th save as San Diego, which trailed 5-0 in the third, beat Philadelphia 7-5. Four Phillies errors enabled the Padres to pull out the game with their biggest inning of the year, a six-run fifth.

HOUS 69-53 LA 66-56 CIN 68-57  
SF 62-61 ATL 59-63 SD 61-73



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## Teams that go bump in the night

*Slo-pitch biggies like Jerry's Caterers pay top dollar for citizens with swat*



*Elliff says he can bump them out of any park*



*Pendergast cooks up some tempting offers.*

They keep coming, one incredible hail after another. Some teams may have five or six Luzinski-sized sluggers who can crank it out of any park. But this one has 10—every player in the lineup a home-run threat. No wonder it has been called the most awesome scoring machine ever assembled in the sport. After 99 games this season it is 84-15 and is averaging nearly four runs—an inning.

Closer inspection reveals that the team is composed of a bunch of caterers. You know, the fellows who make canapés and petits fours for weddings and bar mitzvahs. At least that's what their jerseys say—JERRY'S CATERERS. In truth, only a few of them work for sponsor Jerry Pendergast of Miami; the rest are electrical workers, laborers and heavy-equipment operators who play for his No. 1-ranked slo-pitch softball team.

More precisely, they are softball players who moonlight as caterers, laborers, electrical workers and heavy-equipment operators. Because everyone in softball is a free agent, Pendergast will most likely lose several of his stars when this year ends. Then he will have to rebuild, just as he did after last season.

At this time last year all but four players on his 14-man roster were working and playing in places like Oklahoma City, Augusta, Ga. and Detroit. They are in Miami now because, to get right down

to it, Pendergast made them deals they couldn't refuse: a job either with his company or another in the community, plus an expense-paid vacation in one case, a down payment on a house in another, air fare for wives to all games in others. And just to make sure that this generosity isn't for naught, those who work for him knock off at three to lift weights and practice hitting. Those players who work elsewhere are compensated by Pendergast for the days they're traveling with the team.

But the competition is breathing down Jerry's neck. One sponsor usually throws in a car and an interest-free loan to get the players he wants; another offers jobs in his company at twice the salary of a non-softball employee or, better yet, a percentage of the profits. If a player has an especially good season, he may be enticed to leave by a home-run bonus or a job for his wife.

Hold on a second. This is slo-pitch softball. You remember, the game played at Fourth of July picnics and after work for an hour or so on the way to the local watering hole. Sure, a few overfed, over-the-hill and overzealous Americans suit up for their companies, churches and taverns, but most of them play in search of flashbacks to a time when the ball was harder and smaller and so were they.

This brand of ball is different. It is played by an elite group of 20 or so company teams that make up the National Slo-Pitch Conference, the United States Slo-Pitch Softball Association and the major division of the Amateur Softball Association. "I've had a team going on 20 years now, and I can't remember when it hasn't cost me \$100,000," says Ken Sanders, owner, sponsor and manager of Ken Sanders Subaru in Augusta. "This year I figure I'll spend closer to \$150,000." And only two of Sanders' players work for him. For sponsors that have entire teams on the payrolls earning inflated salaries, the cost can run as high as \$400,000.

Fortunately for the sponsors and players alike, the overseers of softball take a three-monkeys attitude toward violations

*continued*

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Kenneth Carlton gets the standard greeting after another bump

of their amateur code, which states that no player shall be paid to play ball. "As long as I can make it all look like expenses," says one sponsor, "I can give the players whatever it takes to get them." One NSPC official even concedes, "A top player can cost up to \$30,000." Like the legendary Al (The Wanderer) White, one of the game's premier hitters, whose travels have taken him to seven cities since 1969, "Wave that dollar in front of ol' Al and he's gone," says Jerry's Outfielder James Washington.

These teams are not to be confused with those in the struggling American Professional Slo-Pitch League and its antique collection of ex-major-leaguers. In fact, the players become slightly miffed when asked whether they play in the APSPL. "These teams definitely have better players," says Mike Nye, who for three years was one of the APSPL's highest-paid players before returning to the so-called amateur ranks this season. "The best pro teams couldn't stay on the field with a club like Jerry's," adds Stu Weinstein, who writes a weekly softball column for *The Miami News*. "As a matter of fact, there are probably 15 amateur teams now that could beat the best of the pros."

Ordinarily, a lot fewer beat Jerry's. However, the team was upset at the NSPC championship in Birmingham, Ala. last week, largely because of injuries to two key players. Jerry's will

still be the club to beat in this week's ASA championships and the USSSA tournament later this month.

The only problem with the amateurs is that some teams are so strong they take a mockery not only of an opponent but also of the sport itself. For example, Jerry's opened the season against Rusty's Plumbing of Sarasota, Fla., a respectable Class A (the next-best amateur division) team. The final score: Jerry's 85, Rusty's 6. Despite what the score suggests, the minor-leaguers didn't embarrass themselves (Rusty's committed only one error), but there's not a whole lot you can do when the

other side hammers a national-record 48 home runs over the 275-foot fences. In ensuing weeks Jerry's pounded out scores like 50-25, 51-19 and 55-42—mostly in softball Fenways. At present the team, which averages 6' 2" and 235 pounds, is batting .602 and leading the country with 12.1 homers a game.

Nowadays, most important major-division tournaments are held in parks whose fences are at least 290 feet out. Consequently, the results resemble football more than basketball scores, and each team gets only six or seven bumps, which is slo-pitch patois for home runs. Fast-pitch aficionados, who get their kicks watching a 1-0 game with 30 strikeouts, would argue that these teams are equally far removed from the true sport of softball. But the fastball version of the game is all but extinct. Jerry's Carters give the fans what they want—action and drama.

Against Bill's Barbecue of Wilson, N.C. earlier this year, Jerry's won 35-34 after trailing 35-24 in the bottom half of the seventh and last inning. Fence-busting comebacks of this nature are commonplace in slo-pitch, especially for Jerry's, which won 11 of its 16 regular-season tournaments and never finished lower than third.

"It doesn't much matter if we play in Yellowstone," says Pitcher Craig Elliott, who is 6' 4", 280 pounds. "We're still going to hit 'em."

Says Second Baseman James Boyett, who is 6' 1", 235 pounds, "We're like E.F. Hutton—when we hit, people listen."

Says Elliott, "When we're at bat, home plate is like a popcorn machine."

Elliott and Boyett were reared in Alabama hamlets, and both bat as well as they gab. In 1978, Boyett, 29, set a then national single-season home-run record with 303 in 162 games. This season he's hitting .633 with 132 bumps. Elliott, 28, who recently stopped weight training when his chest reached 52 inches and his thighs 31 inches, wields the aluminum better than anyone in the game today. Last year his .718 average was tops in the country, and he finished second in the home-run race with 219. He's currently leading Jerry's in batting (.701) and bumps (168). His approach to the art of hitting is simple: "I tell the ump, 'I ain't up here to walk. If it's inside the batter's box, call it a strike.'"

Elliott and Boyett are only two of Jerry's stars. The team includes eight other ASA, NSPC and USSSA All-Americans, five of whom are among the nation's Top 20 in both hitting and homers. Even on a good-sized field this kind of talent clearly dictates a long-ball strategy. With that in mind, here is a short but complete



While James Boyett bats, Daddy has a ball

guide to managing a big-time slo-pitch team, some of which may also be of use to skippers of more mortal clubs:

- Forget the old maxim "strengthen up the middle." Put your most gifted athletes in left and left center. They'll see five times as many balls as the shortstop.
- Forget about the traditional batting order—quick, fast leadoff man, power hitter at cleanup, etc. A manager's main concern is to get his top bumpers as many swings as possible. Boyett leads off for Jerry's, followed by Elliott.
- Play the outfield deep and don't worry if singles are sometimes stretched into doubles. It takes a lot of singles and doubles to score 20 runs.
- Don't bother instructing your players to run out fly balls. They all have egos the size of their biceps. When a ball is popped up with two away, expect to see the hitter with his glove—and the defense halfway to the dugout—before the ball is caught.
- Have your pitchers—and don't be bashful about switching—do anything to lessen the chances of opposing hitters' jerking the ball over the lights.

Elliott is the master of disruption. His antics range from fearsome Al Hrabosky stares to neighborly Southern how're-the-wife-and-kids chatter. In mid-sentence the ball is floating toward the unsuspecting hitter. At other times he'll stalk in the direction of one of the bases, turn, go back to the rubber and then, without breaking stride, stealthily flick the ball that he's been hiding behind his massive thigh. Afterward he backpedals furiously to protect life and limb. "If I throw a gut shot, you'll find me back by second base," he says.

From 1977 to '79 Elliott played for Ken Sanders and Boyett was with Dave Carroll Sports of Sherrills Ford, N.C. Both become reticent when the conversation turns to why they jumped teams, which each has done several times. Boyett does acknowledge that a Bahamian cruise for him and his wife, compliments of Pendergast, may have influenced his decision to play for Jerry's. Elliott says he craved "Miami's sunshine and fresh air." To date that longing remains unsated. Elliott is part owner of a construction company in his hometown of Wadley, Ala., but when asked where he lives, he rattles off in a single breath, "13713 Southwest 90th Avenue, Miami, Florida, Apartment M205, about middleways down the hall, second building on the right, got a phone

continued



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and everything." He exhales, gives a big grizzly grin and adds, "I've seen it, even stay there once in a while."

One of the few things amateur softball officials can get stuck about is the residency rule. A player need not work for the sponsor, but he is supposed to live in the area where the sponsor's company is located. But, says one player, "There are teams with guys living five states away who use false affidavits."

Besides seeing to the needs of his players, Pendergast is an accomplished businessman who, unlike most other sponsors, doesn't interfere. He doesn't manage his team, as Ken Sanders does, nor does he have a lighted ball field in his backyard, like another owner, but he often flies his twin-engine Piper to see the team play. Pendergast keeps his softball expenses to himself. He says only that he gets by "for less than most." He prefers to emphasize what an effective advertising vehicle his club has been, which is understandable, considering the internal problems a team can cause among non-softball-playing employees. Although Pendergast claims they harbor no resentment, the players tell a different story. "Sure they're upset," says one. "A lot of these people have worked long and hard and figure they should be getting something, too."

Adds another player, "You sense it [the resentment] most when you have to get off to go play and someone has to do your job. But the other workers don't know what it's like to pack up and move a family 600 miles into a strange city or to live out of a suitcase for 20 weekends."

Any local macho batsman who thinks that he, too, would like to hit the road in the name of softball and cash had best not get his hopes up. An unknown stands about as much chance of making a team like Jerry's as he does the Yankees. "I get calls all the time," says Manager Joe Brownholtz. "Guys are sure they can play for us. The first thing I ask about is size. If they're not around 6' 4", 240, I usually say forget it. We know who the top players are around the country—guys that not only can belt the ball but also have a first-class arm and glove."

Jerry's went after 11 of those slop-pitch stars for this season and landed eight, thanks largely to Brown-

holtz, an associate professor of physical education at the University of Miami and a former player. "We flew down each of the players and their wives," he says, "showed them a good time, took them to Dolphin games and had them meet Jerry. Everybody comes away impressed with him."

Once a man signs on, he discovers that Pendergast can be a good boss to play for. Ernie Yaroshuk, general manager of Jerry's Caterers and an erstwhile player and manager of the team, says, "If a guy suddenly starts hitting the ball 290 feet instead of 300, a lot of sponsors will send him packing. Jerry would never turn his back on a player if he quit producing on the field, and I'm a prime example. I've been with him for 13 years."

Many players haven't been as fortunate. The lucky ones, like Elliott and Boyett, either aren't dependent on the sponsor for work or are content with their position in his company. Others are bitter and disillusioned. They feel they have

been manipulated by a system under which they have built their working lives. The prospect of what they'll be doing when they no longer can regularly deposit a softball over a fence 300 feet away frightens them.

Jerry's Outfielder Harold Kelley is a typical case. In March of 1978 he gave up a junior high basketball coaching job in Eufaula, Ala. to take a better-paying position in Oklahoma City with the Nelson Painting Service, a perennial national slo-pitch power. Seven months later he was sweeping floors and running errands. So he headed for North Carolina, where he joined Dave Carroll as a territory salesman. Another bum steer. He didn't get much worthwhile job experience because Carroll rarely sent him out on the road during softball season. Today Kelley works in a concession stand and a hospital cafeteria and bats .622 for Jerry's Caterers.

"I was nothing but a toy for Mr. Nelson," he feels. "He said I'd learn to be an estimator, but he got upset because I didn't pitch as well as he thought I should have. He used to say, 'I don't have to fire them, they fire themselves.'"

"Mr. Carroll treated his players well—gave us \$150 apiece for winning the regionals and picked up a lot of rents—but I was miserable sitting around all day without anything to do. Five teams contacted me about playing for them this season. Richard Howard [of Denver, N.C.] made me the best offer—salary plus 10% of one of his Western Steer restaurants for life—but Carroll and Howard lived only three or four miles apart, and I didn't want to leave one man to work for the other."

"Jerry's been good to us, but everywhere I've been so far it's been menial work, something to get by. I just want a chance to contribute, learn and advance. I don't want to wait until I'm 40 years old before I finally get a decent job. During your most productive years, your boss is only concerned with how well you play ball. He knows that when you're through he can pay somebody else half what you're making to do the same thing. They own you. It's like you're on the streets."

Unfortunately, the road to success he always had a few bumps in it.



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# HOLD THAT TIGER— BIG GAME AT MIZZOU!

There's nothing quite like an archival for tuning on a college town, and no town has more spirited folks than Columbia when Missouri takes on Oklahoma.

by **BY DILBERT**



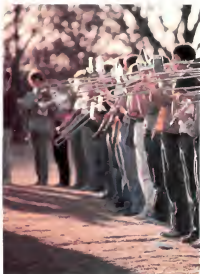


## BIG GAME

continued

**R**esidents of Missouri often refer to their state university as Old Mizzou, and more often to the football team which represents that institution as the Mizzou Tigers. Dave Hart, the athletic director at Old Mizzou, says that one day Governor Joe Teasdale told him that the reason he liked Mizzou Tiger football so much was because he could support it openly and enthusiastically without fear of offending anyone in the state.

"That's a great comment and illustrates why, potentially, this is one of the greatest programs in the country," says Hart. At the time, Hart had been working at Missouri only two years (previously he had been a sports executive at schools in Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Maryland), but athletic directors are boosterish by temperament and he had quickly become a persuasive promoter of the state, the university and the football team. "Think about it," says Hart of the governor's remark. "In our neighboring states, aside from Nebraska, a governor wouldn't be free to say that. If he were in Kansas he couldn't be an out-and-out Jayhawk [University of Kansas] fan because of the alumni and supporters of the Wildcats [Kansas State University]. There would be the same situation in Iowa with the Hawkeyes and Cyclones [Iowa and Iowa State] or in Oklahoma with the Sooners and Cowboys [Oklahoma and Oklahoma State]. Here allegiance is undivided from the governor on down. We have a number of small schools with fine programs, but we are the only Division I football power. When the Mizzou



*Well into twilight in the week before the game, Marching Mizzou rehearses music and movement*

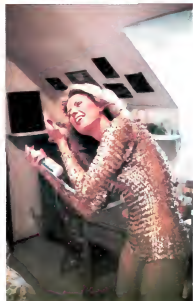
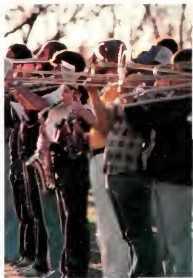


*A Golden Girl is within an eyelash of perfection, and one young rooter sits up in the rear of a wagon*



*Pregame tailgate parties feature conviviality and high-proof refreshment*





Despite elaborate uniforms, players suit up quicker than Golden Girls

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Tigers charge out onto the field, it's the big game for everybody in the state."

At one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in November of 1979 the Mizzou Tigers would charge onto Faurot Field, their home turf in Columbia, Mo., to play the Sooners of Oklahoma. When they did, there would be 75,000 people in the stadium, all of them (except for three thousand or so bold visitors from Soonerland) yelling for the Tigers. They would be starred by a band of 250 musicians, a hundred or so cheerleaders, as well as pompon and dancing girls, mascots and other official spirit persons. Above them in a press box on the west rim of the stadium, 150 writers and commentators would be poised to chronicle the game for posterity, or at least for Sunday morning readers and viewers of delayed TV. More immediately, a team of broadcasters would send out a play-by-play account to the 70 stations and 500,000 listeners hooked in and turned on to the Missouri Sports Network. At Faurot Field but also in Hannibal, Sweet Springs, Eminence, Advance, Cabool, Koshkonong, Plato, Peculiar, Jerico Springs, St. Louis, Kansas City and most other parts of the state, grown men and women would shortly be cheering and cursing, boys and girls crying and laughing, depending on how the Tigers fared against the Sooners. The entire state cares about how the Tigers do, and no other happening that afternoon—or, in fact, the rest of the year—would attract more immediate attention or draw so many people *continued*



Before the crowds arrive, there is a proud moment for Eric Wright's family

## BIG GAME

continued

so close together. Similar events occur in Tuscaloosa, State College, South Bend, Ann Arbor, Austin, Lincoln and Los Angeles, but Missouri vs. Oklahoma approaches the limits of how big, logistically and emotionally, a college football game can be.

It takes a long time to get ready for an occasion of this magnitude. From a certain distant historical viewpoint it could be argued that events have been leading up to it since 1839, when Old Mizzou was founded, or 1869, when Princeton and Rutgers played the first collegiate football game, or 1890, when Missouri played for the first time against a team from Washington University of St. Louis. The date for the 1979 Missouri-Oklahoma game was set nine years before. Tickets have been on sale for 10 months, and the game has been heavily promoted and advertised for six months.

For some five years, coaches from both Missouri and Oklahoma have recruited players who would perform in the game. Since the previous August, the full teams (including recruits of the season) have been getting in shape, practicing techniques and developing strategies. All fall at Mizzou, and presumably at Oklahoma, the game has been heralded as a crucial one. For a time both the Sooners and Tigers were undefeated, ranked respectively as the third- and fifth-best college teams in the nation. Then it was widely predicted that theirs would not only be a big game, but also The Big Game of the season, or the decade; that it would be for All the Marbles, the National Championship.

However, sporting fate ruined this scenario. Specifically, the Texas Longhorns, ranked No. 4, thrashed first the Tigers and then the Sooners. Even so, the big game was popularly regarded as a momentous meeting, because its outcome would bear strongly on who won the Big Eight championship, and on who would be invited to the Orange and, as it turned out, Liberty or Hall of Fame Bowls.

Big-game excitement may be natural and unavoidable for students, alumni, sportswriters and lesser experts, but it can be worrisome to football coaches. "Your program depends on consistency and overall record," says Warren Powers, the head coach of Old Mizzou. "If you get lucky and upset a couple of ranked teams but still finish 5-6, you've had a bad season. If you lose those two but have a 9-2 rec-



Game day is workday for freelance cheerleaders, ticket takers and Coach Powers



Mizzou's hopes rose with a 43-yard field-goal attempt, but, alas, it fell short.



ord, you've had a very fine season." That's how a coach sees it. It is not a viewpoint popular with fans of big games.

Powers came to Missouri the year before from Washington State. (He was obliged to pay that institution \$55,000 because he broke a contract when he took the Mizou job.) In his first season with the Tigers he had an 8-4 record—including a surprising and satisfying win over Notre Dame—and was named Coach of the Year by the Walter Camp Foundation. "Strictly from a coach's standpoint," says Powers, "knocking off a Notre Dame when it's not expected can keep the wolves quiet for a little bit and make you an instant hero, but if you're not consistent the fans and media are going to start asking, 'What's wrong with this guy? He's got the horses to beat Notre Dame, but he got beat by East Podunk . . . or he didn't beat them 48 to zip.' False expectations are raised and you can end up with more criticism than if you had lost the so-called big game."

On the Saturday before the Oklahoma game the Tigers played Iowa State, a weakish team. They won, but barely, and it was widely assumed that they performed anasthetically because, despite Powers' repeated warnings to play the schedule one game at a time, they had been "looking ahead." However, on Sunday it was permissible to think and openly talk about Oklahoma. One who did so was Wendell Ray, who came down to the football training room early in the afternoon for minor treatment of a thigh bruise he had suffered against the Cyclones. Ray is a defensive end, generally regarded as Mizou's best at that position, and one of the three or four best in the Big Eight. Considering where and how he plays, it isn't surprising that he is massive—6' 4½" and 230 pounds. He is exceptional in other ways as well, at least in comparison with the stereotyped image of a defensive lineman. Ray is a reflective, introverted young man whose dignity is more impressive than his physique.

Indeed he is thinking about Oklahoma, Ray says, and in fact it can now be admitted that Oklahoma has been on his mind and in the thoughts of many of his teammates since spring practice eight months before. "A lot of us are juniors, and since we came here we've beat every team in the Big Eight except the Sooners," Ray says. "You don't need to talk about this game; you just know about it. The rest of the stuff about maybe we'll get to a bowl is good, too, but I don't think about it now. I just want to do good against them so bad. It's the big game for me."

By way of special personal preparation for Oklahoma, Ray says, during the week he will spend more time than usual reading his Bible and praying. "I pray to Him to help everyone, poor people and hungry people and sick people," he says. "I don't pray that He just give me something special, like let us win or make me a big star. I don't think that's right. I just pray I can look inside myself and know the power He has given me and use it in the right way. That is one day when I want to be all He makes me."

Ray grew up in St. Louis. "I didn't ever know my father, but that isn't something that worried me," he says. "My mother and grandmother and aunts were strict, but I guess it wasn't like having a strong hand saying do this and do that. Where I grew up it wasn't exactly what you call a ghetto,

but it was just about the hardest part of town. Boys I grew up with are bad—you know, like criminals. I never got turned around with drugs because I was so proud of my body. People tell me you mess with drugs and you lose your speed, and I wanted to stay fast."

Ray kept his speed and grew big and was heavily recruited. Missouri was the last school he visited, but both he and his mother thought it was the place for him. However, his first year there wasn't easy. "I was wild," he says. "I'd been a bower in grade school. I fought on the streets now and then when I was in high school, and I kept right on fighting here with people on the team and other people. They told me I had to get more discipline or they'd send me home. That might have happened and I don't know what I'd *conceded*



*His dream unfulfilled, Wendell Ray desperately heads for the locker room*

## BIG GAME

continued



Mizzou's narrow loss did little to lessen the spirit of its rooters: some whooped it up in cars while others made the scene with shaving cream



be now, but then is when Jesus came into my life. He gave me the understanding about how I'd been doing bad things because of what other people think, not doing what I know is right and what He wants me to do. He gave me that understanding and He gave me football, so I got something to develop myself with and become a good man that other people can respect and not be scared of. That is all I pray for, that He keep on helping me try to be all I can."

Later on Sunday afternoon technical preparations for the Sooners begin. Ray and his defensive colleagues spend an hour (the first of four or five that week) watching Oklahoma game films. Particular attention is paid to sequences involving Running Back Billy Sims. The Mizzou defenders keep telling themselves they absolutely must stop him or at least slow him down. On Monday, reserves whose principal function during the season is to simulate the tactics of opponents, begin running out of the Oklahoma wishbone against the Mizzou varsity defensive unit.

In midweek Powers works on several special offensive maneuvers, closing practice to everyone except members of the immediate Mizzou Tiger family. Assistant coaches and security men become very antsy about strangers, even suspicious about cars that seem to be driving more slowly than usual along the boulevard overlooking the practice area.

"I think maybe the coaches get more tight about a big game than we do," says Ray with some amusement. "I guess that's their job. Last year they saw somebody across the road taking pictures with a movie camera. The coaches told us if we saw anyone with a movie camera to tell them quick and they'd run him off."

Elsewhere, other preparations are becoming increasingly noticeable and audible. On the football field the band, known as Marching Mizzou, practices two hours every afternoon, polishing its new act for Saturday, a program of popular songs saluting the music of the '70s. "Besides the football team, we're probably the most important people at a game," says Gene Morrow, a 6-foot, 170-pound sophomore trumpet player. "Sometimes I'd like to see what a big game would be like without the spirit people—bands, cheerleaders, pompons. I don't think it would be much. I care more about how I perform than about how the football team does. I want them to win, but if I mess up, make a wrong turn, I feel awful. In the band you're only as good as your last practice."

Karen Mossman is the promotions coordinator employed by the athletic department. With assistance from Delta Sigma Phi fraternity and the University Spirit Council, of which she is a member, Mossman sees to it that a large pile of scrap lumber is in place for a Thursday night pep rally. This event draws only a hundred or so people, mostly Spirit Council, fraternity, sorority and student-council leaders who seem to attend largely as a matter of duty. Despite the poor turnout, Mossman feels the bonfire is worth the effort because it maintains a school tradition that alumni recall with nostalgia.

The same evening another group is having better luck raising spirits, and is more enthusiastic about the job. Mini Mizzou, an irregular adjunct to Marching Mizzou specializing in jazz, smoke-dancers through the streets of Columbia, packing up crowds as it blares from bar to bar. "What

continued

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## BIG GAME

continued

Dave Hart and Warren Powers and all those fat real-estate-developer alumni would like to think is that we're out here all nervous and excited about whether or not their hired jocks are going to stomp the Sooners Saturday," says an irreverent trumpet player. "— it, man. Who cares? The good thing about football is it gives you a chance to party for two days. You do this kind of stuff without football and you're a rowdy drunk and maybe get busted. With football we're all clean-cut kids doing our bit for Old Mizzou. Go, Tigers, Go!" The trumpeter pours half a pitcher of beer into the sousaphone of a fellow Mizzouan.

By Friday evening 150 private planes have landed at Columbia Regional Airport. It's virtually impossible to drive through Greek Town, the fraternity and sorority quarter, and impudent to try. There's a two-hour wait for a table at Bobby Buford's, the Harvest Moon and Kitty Station, leading steak-and-booze restaurants for out-of-town spenders. The line outside Harpo's, a popular student watering spot, is half a block long. There isn't quite standing room at the Fly George and Deja Vu discos. All motel rooms have been rented, but some of them won't be used that night—or, in fact, until the next afternoon, following the game.

Including 250 Tiger and Sooner players, coaches and officials, 2,000 people are needed to stage the big game, that is, to play it, to run it, to get the spectators into the stadium, to keep them safe, orderly, informed, reasonably comfortable and content while there, and to get them out of the place afterward. The first member of this sizable working crew to show up in the stadium is John Burks, Mizzou's athletics ground-keeper. A few minutes before seven he is examining his grass. All fall, Faurot Field, the show turf of the 23 acres of football fields that Burks tends, has been giving him professional fits.

Late in the summer of 1978 construction was completed on an addition to Faurot Field. Some 10,000 permanent seats were added beyond the south end

zone, changing the shape of the stadium from parentheses to horseshoe. The improvement had no immediate effect other than the financial one intended, but this year Burks had become concerned. In midsummer, patches of turf began to turn brown and then die. Burks called in consultants, and it was determined that fungus spores, which had



Tight End Guy Krah received a hero in this fan's estimation.

been blown about by the wind when the stadium was open at both ends, were now collecting in and over the grass because the airflow had diminished. Some sort of artificial circulation system might eventually be required. Burks felt. To keep grass on the field during the season at hand, he had done a lot of temporary seeding, broadcasting 270 pounds of pregerminated Manhattan Rye and Baron Bluegrass. The new grass was watered heavily, and it grew rapidly.

It had been an unusually dry fall in

Columbia, and by November all the other fields, as well as patches of woods, thickets and ornamental plantings in the stadium area were bone dry. Only the regularly watered turf in Faurot Field was moist. Among others who discovered this were skunks and raccoons who began sneaking into the stadium at night, digging for grubs and beetles near the

wettest surface. Their excavations became so extensive that it was feared football players might break an ankle in a skunk or coon hole. Burks and his crew were able to trap some of the animals. Burks filled in the holes so the playing surface would be smooth and safe. A young raccoon was found rattling around in a trash can on the morning of the big game—the first gate-crasher of the day. It was caught and kicked out.

Before Burks had finished his animal-control work, Bob Smith had taken up his post as a ticket taker. It would be more accurate to describe him as a ticket checker, because the gate he guards is an obscure one at the southwest corner of the stadium, used mainly by game officials and persons of semi-official status. Normally he doesn't deal with ordinary spectators, but occasionally he must challenge and turn back a creative, fast-talking crasher.

Smith has been a gate man for the Mizzou Tigers for 15 seasons, and he regards what he does as recreation rather than work. After the game starts his gate is closed, and along with several state policemen he takes up a post just behind the visiting team's bench, toward the end zone, from which he has a good view not only of the players but also of the officials, coaches, cheerleaders, photographers and the rest of the people on the sideline. "Another job benefit," says Smith, "is that the band and the Golden Girls [a troupe of statuesque dancers] march in right past me. About the only drawback is that I miss my Saturday afternoon golf game, but I can golf all year long and there are only six Saturdays a year to watch the Tigers. This is the best way to watch them."

Smith is one of 91 gate men at Faurot



Field. They are mostly local business and professional people, and many of them are connected, as Smith is, with State Farm Mutual Insurance. The reason for this is that the head of the crew, Don Mosby, is the owner of the local State Farm agency. "There's absolutely no problem getting people," says Mosby. "We have a waiting list for gate jobs, and nobody leaves unless they absolutely have to. There was a fellow who had been with us for 10 years or so but had to give it up because his company transferred him to a job in another state. He wrote me a letter this summer about his memories of these Saturdays and how much he would miss them. It was a beautiful letter. Before the first game this year I got my bunch together and read them that letter. There were some wet eyes in the crowd. This means a lot to us, not just because of seeing the game, but because it gives us a feeling that we're making a contribution to Mizzou football."

Mosby and his men are among the thousand or so local citizens who take tickets, usher, hawk and operate concession booths at Tiger games. Typically, the concessionaires represent civic or church groups and work the games as a means of raising money for their nonprofit organizations. (On a good day a volunteer crew at a hot-dog stand can gross \$500, about 20% of which will go to their cause or charity.)

When the take from everything—tickets, concessions, scoreboard advertising, radio and TV rights—is added up, the Oklahoma game will produce about half a million dollars in gross revenue for the Missouri athletic department, which will have shelled out \$230,000 to put the game on. (Not included in the expenses of any one game are a number of fixed costs: the salaries of coaches, scholarships of the players, equipment, training and maintenance outlays.) About \$15,000 will be paid to suppliers of the food, drinks and souvenirs the volunteer concessionaires sell; \$2,700 for police protection; \$1,200 for the fairly lavish buffet luncheon spreads served in the press box and adjacent VIP lounge; \$2,700 for game officials; \$100 for the rental of golf carts to transport press people and their equipment; and \$7,100 to clean up the litter afterward. Far and away the biggest item will be the \$166,481 paid to the University of Oklahoma for its one-half share of the general-admission ticket sales.

continued

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# BIG GAME

continued

In the Big Eight, home teams retain all the profits from concessions, which is one reason Missouri athletic-department executives worry almost as much about the weather—hoping for days that encourage a lot of eating and drinking—as they do about the outcome of the games. Last Nov. 17 was a beautiful day in Columbia, with a clear sky and the temperature in the '70s, warm enough for soda (one million ounces of which were sold) but not too warm for hot dogs (half a ton of which were consumed).

The Missouri athletic department just about breaks even at the end of a year, with operating costs and income now more or less balancing out at about \$6.9 million. On both sides of the ledger football is far and away the most important activity; according to Dave Hart it accounts for 83%, or about \$5.7 million of the department's annual revenue. (Receipts from non-conference games, away appearances against other Big Eight schools and money the conference receives for TV and bowl appearances and splits among the members add to the football income.) On the other hand, it costs about \$3.2 million to operate a football program such as Old Missouri has. Major expense items in addition to payments to opponents are: \$357,000 for the salaries of coaches and other football aides; \$314,000 for scholarships for football players; \$234,000 for team travel; and \$137,500 for the expenses of recruiters looking for more football players.

"When I say that at the bottom line intercollegiate athletics is a business," says Hart, "it bothers a lot of people, particularly in the university community. It doesn't sound romantic or playful, but it's the truth. We're called an associate university activity, which means we're not subsidized for operating expenses and have to pay our own way. The academic critics who say we're too concerned with money and not enough concerned with sport are often the same ones who are most strongly opposed to using any general funds for sport."

"The college athletic business is getting to be tougher and tougher with inflation and the new responsibilities for non-income programs like women's sports. [Last year at Old Missouri \$800,000 was spent on women's athletics, the income from which was \$6,000.] We're breaking even on basketball, and it looks as if it may start making a little money,

but football is the major income producer. We have to keep spending there to make money for other programs, but we may be approaching the limits of what football can generate. Year in and year out we're among the top 10 schools in the country in attendance, and in the foreseeable future there is no way for us to add many more seats to the stadium. Raising ticket prices again is a possibil-



*Big Game Day ends late at night in Columbia*

ity [a Missouri general-admission ticket now costs \$9.50], but we may be approaching a diminishing-returns situation there. The only other major source of income left for us, and one we're trying hard to develop, is gifts from alumni and other friends of Tiger athletics. Let's face it, how well we do there depends pretty much on football, on consistently producing exciting and winning teams."

Last year about \$900,000 was donated to the athletic fund. Depending on the size of their contributions, patrons received preference in, among other things, buying choice seats to football games and access to the VIP lounge

Some contributions are made in kind rather than money. For example, the athletic department has a dining hall in which it daily feeds 260 scholarship athletes. It cost \$400,000 to run the hall last year. It would've cost more except that a retired professor of agriculture, as his hobby and contribution to Tiger athletics, solicited farmers around the state to donate produce and meat. "Last year we got from the state fair the grand champion steer, hog and lamb," says Hart. "They were all eaten by Tiger athletes in our dining hall."

Understandably, while Hart and other athletics administrators who are constantly grappling with finances tend to look upon a big game as a crucial business transaction, in a lighter vein it might be compared to an enormous masquerade party. Thousands of people dress up in costumes and uniforms to play roles or to pretend they are something they ordinarily are not. Some are simple outfits, featuring a yellow-and-black cap, and a shirt or jacket such as the groundskeepers, gate guards and concessionaires wear. Others are very exotic; for example, the full tail-to-head Tiger suits worn by two students who help lead cheers and entertain fans at the games. Some members of the athletic department are a little dissatisfied that they must get along with costumed students while the Colorado fans have a real buffalo, the Oklahoma State Cowboys a horse and rider and the Sooners a claim jumper's team and wagon. One of the people who have brooded about the mascot problem and feel that the current arrangement makes Old Missouri look low-rent, says, "A few years ago we had a real tiger lined up. He was a beauty, from a wild-animal park. We couldn't find some money to take care of him, but then along came Title IX and instead of a Tiger what we now have is a goddam women's volleyball team."

Among the most somber but visible of the uniforms are those worn by the 300 or so cops who work the game. State troopers are responsible for getting the crowd into Columbia. According to Captain J.L. Englehart, the commander of Troop F, which covers central Missouri, travel to and from the game affects traffic patterns for 150 miles in every direction. Columbia municipal police deal with the fans while they're in the city, but once in the stadium they are the responsibility of 200 university and state police. Their

continued

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## BIG GAME

continued

command post is a platform high above the press box, which is equipped with cameras, radios and telescopes.

"We're interested in preventive law enforcement," says a university policeman. "From up here it's fairly easy to spot any sort of potential trouble anywhere in the stadium, even a little commotion between two or three fans. We notify one of our teams in the stands and they can usually be there in a matter of seconds and get things calmed down. If somebody is feeling a little too good, we're trained to turn the troublemakers around so we can get a full face shot of them on the cameras up here. We film the whole incident just in case there is any question later about identification or legal action. Big Brother is watching in this stadium, but the whole point is to make the game safe for everyone and enjoyable for almost everyone."

The university police get nervous about one-sided games no matter who is winning. Eighteen points seems to be the critical margin, the police have determined. People start losing interest in what's happening on the field. They start overcelebrating or taking out their frustrations on people around them.

Speaking of spirit, the group of spirit people who wear the least, take the longest to dress. These are the Golden Girls, 24 coed beauties who dance at Tiger games. (On Sundays some of them moonlight at the games of the St. Louis Cardinals of the NFL.) They wear brief body suits covered with glittering gold sequins, which make them resemble large, simious, upright lizards.

"I suppose I spend an hour and a half getting dressed for a game," says Karen Welton, an elementary-education student who aspires to become a professional dancer. "You know how it is with a girl—lots of fussing with the hair and makeup to make sure everything is right."

The Golden Girls strut in with Marching Mizzou at the beginning of a game, put on a brief dance routine at halftime and otherwise are decoratively displayed just beyond the north end zone. "I know people think we're just sex symbols," says Welton, "but we practice three hours a day and get just as dirty and sweaty as anyone. You hear some bad remarks from the stands, but I think men are afraid of us. They think we're something special and unapproachable."

Welton says she believes the Golden

Girls perform the same function as the band or even the football players themselves—they are trained entertainers. A friend watching her prepare for the Oklahoma entertainment disagrees: "Oh, Karen, you know you're there for T and A. I was a Kansas City Chieftess for six years and all it was T and A, but it kept me skinny."

Actually, there are several cadres of attractive young women who dress up to perform at the games. Collectively they're sometimes derisively called Tiger Bait, and individually they seem inclined to say catty things about each other. Kathy Chamberlain looks like a brunette model of the Basic College Cheerleader. She says that except when she is cavorting in front of 75,000 people she is a shy person, one who is reluctant, for example, to speak out in class. She says, "Every father wants a cheerleader for a daughter and a Golden Girl for a mistress."

"Who told you that?"

"I made it up."

Less in the public eye, more primly dressed in blazers and skirts but no less handsome, are 11 women who serve as Tiger hostesses. Each game day they are escorts for the 15 to 20 senior high school football players who have been invited to Columbia by football coaches trying to recruit them. In the morning the potential Tigers tour the campus and athletic facilities, meet some of the players and other coaches, watch highlight films of the Tigers. The hostesses are with them through most of the day. "We tell them about the school," says Donna Suda, a junior majoring in public relations. "We answer questions that they might be too shy to ask an older person. A lot of them have heard that Mizzou is a big party school, and we tell them about the kind of parties we have."

The current hostesses were selected from among 160 candidates on the basis of interviews with representatives of the athletic department and former hostesses. They say they're very proud to be what they are, and one says, "For the pompon or Golden Girls all that counts is the body, but we are chosen for intelligence, poise and conversational ability, as well as appearance."

Sometimes there are special assignments that indeed would seem to require special social skills. Donna Suda says, "There was a football recruit from the

East the coaches really wanted. They asked me to go out to dinner with him. He had the wrong idea about what was intended and I had to tell him politely. He didn't come to Mizzou."

A big game also inspires spectators, especially alumni, to dress up, and some appear in singular costumes. Pierce Liberman, a 1953 graduate and now a St. Louis insurance man, wears a spectacular pair of yellow-and-black coveralls that are intended to suggest tiger stripes but in fact are almost bumblebeelish. At noon, Liberman is shepherding a group of football prospects who will be with the hostesses during the game. He is one of the organizers of the St. Louis quarterback club, which now has 500 members. He says that helping the Mizzou coaching staff scout and recruit players, helping the players with advice and finding summer jobs for them is his main avocational interest. "I never let my business interfere with my football," he says. "In fact, my family and some of my friends think my business is Mizzou football."

Harold (Spider) Burke graduated from Mizzou in 1954. During his undergraduate days he was a football cheerleader, and he still is. He attends every home game dressed in his 30-year-old spirit costume, a black "M" jacket, black slacks and a yellow-and-black beanie. He carries a megaphone and runs up and down the sidelines yelling and gyrating with remarkable endurance, drawing, it seems, more cheers and laughs than any other single spirit person. In the stands and press box Spider Burke is often cited as a "real character." Mizzou's answer to the San Diego Chicken. However, when not performing, he turns out to be a soft-spoken, unobtrusive man who in real life is a construction-company executive and a Sunday school teacher. He is also a serious student of cheerleading. He feels he gets good response because the 1950 cheers were slower paced and there was time to build up greater volume with them. Based on his 29 years of experience, Burke thinks that the most successful of all Mizzou cheers was the "Big T"—Tiger spelled out letter by letter and then yelled three times. He regrets that it isn't in the current spirit repertoire. Burke also believes it is only ethical to use and encourage constructive cheers, "to pick up our own team and get people involved." When there is booing or rude remarks are directed toward opponents,

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# BIG GAME

continued

Burke makes a thumbs-down gesture and holds it until the negative noise stops.

A parking lot on the west side of the stadium directly in front of the ticket gate that leads to the midfield seats is reserved for donors of \$1,000 or more to the athletic fund. By 11 o'clock on Saturday morning it is filled with gregarious brunchers. It is a remarkably odoriferous place, the basic aroma being that of fried chicken laced with lesser whiffs of shrimp, cocktail sausages, potato salad, fried zucchini, quiche, gin and bourbon. Some tailgaters provide heavily embossed menus, planned and printed at least as long ago as September. There is a van with working beer spigots set in its side. There is a former Greyhound bus converted into a salon-salon with a bathroom equipped with 22-carat gold fixtures. There is an electric bullhorn that will play the Mizzou Fight Song at the touch of a single button, and often does so. Handshaking and car hopping are treated like Olympic events.

Linda Powers, wife of the Mizzou coach, makes a late-morning goodwill tour of the high-roller parking lot. She is wearing black pants, a gold glitter blouse, a gold fishnet sweater and a pair of oversized pink shades, on one lens of which is stenciled MIZZOU. "Football is the greatest," remarks Mrs. Powers. "Everyone has fun out here on Saturday. The only one who doesn't is Warren."

It is true that Warren Powers, at least during the football season, doesn't give the impression of somebody having the time of his life, but neither does he seem to be an unhappy or harassed man. Heavily preoccupied or lightly zapped would seem more descriptive of his state. He is an articulate man who will respond politely to technical or philosophical questions about either the Mizzou Tigers or football in general, speaking in the vaguely Tennessee-Alabama style that football coaches, no matter what their origins, seem to have made their own. (Powers played at Nebraska and with the Oakland Raiders before coaching at Washington State and Missouri.) His replies are quick and sensible, but there is a feeling that they may have been recorded on an inner answering device whose owner is absent. Powers seems to fade in and out of the present, possibly on account of simple exhaustion. During the season he works 80 to 90 hours a week

coaching on the field, meeting with players and assistants, conducting his own TV show, being interviewed on others, appearing before quarterback clubs in Columbia, St. Louis and Kansas City, recruiting and jollying alumni, big donors and journalists. "It goes with the job," Powers says, "and there's no other job I'd rather have anywhere."

The few hours before the Oklahoma game are very likely the most relaxed ones of the week for Powers. On Friday afternoon, under his direction, the team goes through a light workout and then eats in the athletic dining hall. Then, as they do on the Friday before every home game, the Tigers travel by bus to Jefferson City, the state capital, 35 miles south of Columbia, where they spend the night in a quiet, secure motel. The players watch an early martial-arts movie, which has been approved by the coaches. Afterward there is a review of assignments for the next day, but Powers delivers no dramatic or inspirational pep talk. "It's more important to settle them down than to try to make them any higher than they are," he says.

After the players retire to their rooms some of the younger coaches play a few hands of poker, but Powers only watches. He goes to bed early and doesn't have any difficulty sleeping. "I wasn't confident that we would win," he says of his last thoughts of the day, "but I was confident that we could win."

Wendell Ray, the prayerful defensive end, does have trouble getting to sleep. He is in his room well before the 10:30 bed check and reads the Bible for an hour, but thoughts of the game keep intruding, and finally take over his mind. "Some people think negative, like their offense is going to run over us," he says. "I like to think positive about what we are and I am. I start thinking about Billy Sims. Some of the guys talk about how they're going to make a name off Sims—you know, like showing him up—but I don't think that's right. You make your own name by doing your thing. I'm not saying I got a big name like him, but I got some name. I make it by playing good right along, not by what I do in one game with Sims. I'm getting sleepy and I have like a dream. It's like I see a picture on TV of me hitting him a real shot. His helmet flies off and maybe he loses a few teeth. Somebody gets a picture of it just when I hit him and that picture is on the

cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, both of us doing what we can do."

It is nearly two in the morning when Ray finally gets to sleep. He is up by 7:30 to attend a Mass conducted by a St. Louis-aren priest who's also a Tiger supporter. "There are things the Catholics do that is different from what the Methodists do, but that's all right for me," says Ray. "I think of what that priest is saying and how it has to do with football."

Breakfast is a disappointment for Ray. "I'm not saying anything against Coach Powers," he remarks, "but when Coach Onifero [Powers' predecessor] was here we had really good breakfasts on game day. What they have now is a little bowl of cereal and two little round pieces of meat [Canadian bacon] and some cold French toast cut in half. The cereal was the only thing tasted good to me and I filled up on orange juice and vitamins. Then we sit around and I read the Bible some more and then we get into the bus and come back to school to get dressed in the New Facility."

**T**he New Facility, as everyone calls it, is a low, functional-looking building, surrounded by practice fields, a quarter of a mile from the stadium to the west of the VIP parking lot. In a way it's the Tigers' football laboratory, their working headquarters. It cost \$742,000. Soliciting funds to pay off the debt incurred in its construction is a major athletic-department enterprise.

Inside the facility there are a large, clean, carpeted, brightly lit, well-ventilated locker room, a whirlpool, weight-exercise equipment and therapy areas. Both Hart and Powers believe that a facility of this sort is essential for the growth and development of Mizzou football.

The working superintendent of the facility is John Daggett, a feisty equipment manager originally from Mississippi. By 10:30 on Saturday morning Daggett's six student assistants have completed laying out the 20 or 30 pieces of equipment that each player will need for the game. Daggett, who says he is the Vince Lombardi of equipment men, throws open one of the lockers to display the gear and its precise arrangement.

"I have a place for everything and everything better by God be in that place," he says. "I want a jersey hanging on that hook, rib pads on that one. I want those shoes clean and pointing this way and I

continued

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## BIG GAME

continued

want the helmets waxed so I can see my ugly face in them. I don't expect God cares much which shelf the sweatband sits on, but I do, and that's where she is going to be. What makes a football program is doing things just the right way, and how you know what is right is by listening to what the man above you says is right. If Mr. Dave Hart says today is Easter, then Mr. John Daggett is going to start laying eggs. That's how it should be all down the line. Those boys don't have to worry about a thing today with those Sooners if they do things right like they have been told and shown."

The Mizzou team arrives from Jefferson City about 11:30 and gets taped, padded and dressed very quietly, with only an occasional outburst of laughter or loud talk. In an hour the Tigers are back on the bus for the short ride to the stadium. They skirt the festive parking lots, drawing cheers and good-luck wishes, pass through the gate guarded by Bob Smith and disembark under the end-zone stands. From there they go onto the field and commence a series of synchronized loosening-up drills. Only then, as if it were part of the routine, do they begin to talk it up, yell and slap rumps.

At about the same time Marching Mizzou, with all its auxiliaries and outsiders, baton twirlers, pom-pom girls, Golden Girls and folks in Tiger costumes, swings into the stadium. "Chills shoot up your spine," says trumpeter Gene Morrow of this moment. "You don't care about the test you flunked the day before. The only thing you're thinking about is the football game. Being in Marching Mizzou is great therapy and escape."

After 10 minutes or so of warmup the Tigers leave the field and return to a drab concrete locker room (which before the advent of the new football facility was the locker room) under the stands at the southeast corner of the stadium. Powers says later that he can't recall exactly what he told his troops in the last few private moments together: "Something like, whatever it's going to take, you have to reach down inside yourselves and find it. We need all you have today."

Ray says he remembers the coach saying, "Last year the Oklahoma offense ran through our defense like they was at a track meet. We haven't beat them in 10 years and I want this one real bad. Really bad. You boys have just got to go out

there and make some things happen."

Outside, Hap Whitney, an assistant athletic director, is watching the big stadium clock, one of the many devices for which he is responsible. "I always think just about now that everything is inevitable," he says, "just like the sun coming up. When that clock says one, they're going to be playing football, and what we have or haven't done to get ready is water over the dam."

Which is how it is. Yelling and leaping, the Mizzou Tigers make their formal charge onto Faurot Field. Marching Mizzou cuts loose and 75,000 people rise to their feet, most of them chanting "Miss-our-a! Miss-our-a! Miss-our-a!"

"You hear it but you don't hear it because you're so high," says Ray. "That's when I began to yell. I started running up and down, hitting the defense, saying we could hold them."

It has been said that this sort of thing is silly and trivial, if not worse. Seven-million-dollar athletic budgets. Blue-chip recruits and blue-ribbon steers. Golden Girls and gold-plated faucets. Prayers and spirit. Years of preparation. Two thousand people working. Hundreds of thousands of dollars spent so that 22 young men can push each other violently around a field that has been reclaimed from skunks and raccoons.

However, as a matter of long-established fact, we are a big-game species inclined toward chauvinism and romanticism, irrational loyalties and hero-seeking. We are social and gregarious creatures stirred strangely by waves of sound and swirls of color, by the presence, passions and flesh of others. We are forever seeking moments of shared emotion and never seem to find enough of them, but we are greatly elated and transported when, for whatever trivial or silly reasons, we do occasionally connect with each other. The young men are on the field because we are in the stands and on our feet—not vice versa.

Though, in the end, the Sooners won 24-22 by kicking a field goal with 10:20 remaining, though Mizzou failed on a 37-yard field-goal attempt of its own with 2:21 left, despite the fact that Billy Sims ran for 282 yards and no one made a name for himself off the 1978 Heisman winner, even the Tigers agreed it was a great Big Game.

END



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—Martina Navratilova



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—Terry Bradshaw



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## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 18-24

Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

**BILIARDS**—NICK VARNER defeated defending champion Mike Siedl 158-13 to win the world open pocket billiard championship in New York City. JEAN BALDUS beat Billie Billing 300-25 for the women's title.

**BOXING**—WILFREDO GOMEZ stopped Derrick Hobson on a fifth-round TKO in Las Vegas to retain his WBC super bantamweight title.

**DIVING**—GREG LOUGANIS of Mission Viejo, Calif. won the men's one-meter, three-meter and 10-meter titles at the U.S. outdoor championships in Bartlesville, Okla., becoming the first diver to sweep the three titles in successive years. The women's crowns went to KELLY MCCORMICK of Mission Viejo (one-meter), CHRIS SELFERT of Ann Arbor, Mich. (three-meter) and NARIE WEINSTEIN of Cincinnati (10-meter).

[illegible]

and also won the Midwest west championship with a 29-18 victory over St. Louis. Philadelphia defeated New England 23-17, and Detroit whopped New Orleans 40-17.

**GOLF**—TOM WATSON shot a 10-under-par 270 to win the \$400,000 World Senior Golf at Akron by two strokes over Raymond Floyd (page 27).

BETH DANIEL shot a 276, 12 strokes under par, to win a \$150,000 LPGA tournament in Denver by six strokes over Sandra Post and Anne Blalock.

**JAWBEE RACING**—SLAPSTICK, driven by Jack Parker Jr., finished 11 1/2 lengths ahead of Set The Style in the final heat to win the \$173,648 Fox Snake at the Indiana State Fairgrounds in Indianapolis. The 2-year-old colt paced the race in 1:55 1/2.

**OCEAN-NASC.** At the season's end, Edmondson [70-15] set itself up for its first Division title ever when Jay Lovenski and assistant coach Red Deffenbach led the team to a 16-1 record. The team was headed by the Saunders [25-7], who made the league's best record, enough points to retain the home-field advantage for the playoffs. In the first round, the team defeated the [24-8] and then defeated Dallas 4-1 and Rochester 5-0 in fourth seed position ahead of the Saunders. Meanwhile, the [29-11] team from St. Louis finished second on the divisional grid by Peter Nagy and won the title. The ASC last year was just as tight, so Fort Lauderdale [29-11] took the top spot. In the playoffs, the [19-13] crown by five points. Earlier, the Sixteen defeated Philadelphia 4-2 on two Teodoro Ceballos goals, while the [20-10] team from New York City finished 3-1 before losing to New England 1-0 when the Team M's Korte scored on a free kick with a 21 remaining.

**WASH.-NASC.** The Washington Capitals were the Washington 4-1, in third place. The built-in the National League was for survival. Reaching this, Minnesota [42-18], which won 18 of its last 33 games, whipped the [39-21] team from the Los Angeles Kings. The Tulsa [15-17] won the last playoff spot, beating Vancouver 2-0, but the Roughriders now face the Cosmos. The [20-10] team from the Chicago Blackhawks. The Cosmos snatched a five-game victory earlier, the Toronto team dethroned Chicago, the ASC Central Conference.

ASL. Two teams from the National Conference, Pennsylvania and New York, have clinched playoff spots while the entire American Conference, whose first-

Means are represented by a total of seven points, is still in the race. New York scored two one-goal wins on a western swing, beating Golden Gate 4-3, with two goals and an assist from Narciso Donal and Sacramento (16 on a first-half goal by Oliver Barfflow. Third-place Cleveland got two goals from Andy Chapman to upset American Conference leader Miami 4-1. And the Gates United California 6-2 to drop the Sunshine into last place in the American Conference.

**TENNIS**—HAROLD SOLOMON, defrauded Francisco Gonzalez 3-6, 6-3 to win the \$200,000 Association of Tennis Professionals championship in Miami, Ohio.

HANA MANOLIKOVA beat Andrea Jaeger 6-7, 6-2, 6-2 to win a \$100,000 women's tournament in Mahwah, N.J.

**HEADFOOTS**—DESIGNED In the mold of his 21st season as a major league manager, GENE MAUCHE, 54, of the Minnesota Twins, in 41st seasons with the Twins, he had a record of 378-394, but he never finished higher than third in the AL West. His career record of 1,524-1,295 ranks him ninth on the all-time list in total games and 10th in wins. Mauch shares the major league record with James Dykes for most seasons managed without ever having won a championship. He was replaced as an interim boss by Third Base Coach JOHN GOREY.

**SOLD** By Charles Finley, the OAKLAND A's, for a reported \$12.7 million, to Walter A. Haas Jr., chairman of the board of Levi Strauss & Co., his son, Walter Jr., and son-in-law, Roy Firestone, a law associate at the University of California at Berkeley. After he purchased the A's for \$4 million in 1960-61 and moved them from Kansas City after the '67 season, Finley's teams won three World Series (1972, '73 and '74), but their declined attendance has since 1977 and '79.

By Bill Veeck, the CHICAGO WHITE SOX and Comiskey Park, to Edward J. DeBarbato Sr. and his daughter Marie Denise York, for a reported \$20 million. Veeck headed a group that bought 80% of the team for \$1 million in 1975. DeBarbato has other sports holdings, including the Pittsburgh Penguins of the NHL and Louisiana Gopher racetrack. His son, Edward Jr., owns the San Francisco 49ers.

## CREDITS

4—Lane Stewart 28, 29—Lane Stewart 30—George Tiedemann 31—Lane Stewart (top) Leah Palham 32—Jerry Wischar (top) Peter Reed Miller 34 35—Toni Tröls (top) John Lettice 38, 39—Wol McInnes 34, 43—Mike Maple 34—Rick Clarkson (bottom right)

## FRESHMEN IN THE CROWD



**RICKY CHATMAN**  
LIVE

Ricky, a 6' 2", 335-pound running back and line-backer from Winfield (La.) High, gained 1,395 yards last season and scored 10 TDs. On defense he made 498 career tackles and intercepted 28 passes in leading the Tigers to three district titles.



**TOMMY ROEBSON**  
TEAM A&M

Tommy, a 6'4", 289-pound tackle who runs the 40 in 4.9, averaged 10 tackles a game for district champion Gregory-Portland (Texas) High. During his senior season he blocked three punts and recovered three fumbles, while forcing six.



**DWIGHT COLLINS**  
Firm

Dwight, a 6' 2", 195-pound running back from Beaver Falls (Pa.) High, gained nearly 2,000 yards his last two years, while scoring 240 points. He was also an All-America in basketball, averaging 22 points and 14 rebounds last season.



**BILLY RICE**  
Business Officer

Slater, a 6' 1", 200-pound quarterback from East (Columbus, Ind.) High, completed 291 of 592 passes for 39 TDs and 4,214 yards in three years. He was also an all-state kicker, making 17 of 27 field goals and averaging 38.4 yards a punt.

WILBER MARSHALL  
Esq.

Wilber, a 6'3", 225-pound tight end from Astronaut High in Titusville, Fla., averaged 22.1 yards a catch (74 receptions, 1,635 yards) in three seasons and 10.5 a carry on end arounds, while scoring 19 TDs. He also looked 13 of 17 field goals



**JEFF LEIDING**  
Texas

Jeff, a 6' 4", 236-pound linebacker at Tulsa Union High who was all-state for three seasons, averaged 20 tackles a game and made nine interceptions as a senior. He also won the state Class AAA district and was second in the thunders.

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

J.R. RICHARD  
Sir

Thank you for a fine article on the J.R. Richard tragedy (*Now Everyone Believes Him*, Aug. 18). Unfortunately, I was one of many people in Houston who doubted the seriousness—or even existence—of J.R.'s physical problem. The threat of a player strike and the enormous escalation of player salaries in baseball have made a number of us fans look at the superstars suspiciously. We have learned a valuable lesson at the expense of Richard and his family.

It's also a shame it has taken a near-fatal stroke to get J.R. the publicity he so richly deserves. I was pleased that William Nack referred to him as the best right-hander in baseball. I've followed the sport closely for 27 years—25 of them in Chicago and the post-1960 in Houston—but I've never seen anyone dominate a game the way Richard could. I wish J.R. a successful recovery and thank him for some of the best performances I shall ever see.

DON SULLIVAN  
Houston

Sir

The article asked several times why the media and fans came down so hard on Richard when he complained of a tired arm. My answer on behalf of the *Asno* fans is: What were we supposed to believe? The doctors told us nothing was wrong, his teammates couldn't see anything wrong, and J.R. himself said he wanted to take time off to go fishing. We realize now that we were very much mistaken, but the evidence we were presented with before his stroke was hardly conclusive. I hope we have learned a lesson. Houston Manager Bill Vinson expressed it best when he said that we must always check and recheck.

BETH SMITH  
Houston

Sir

The problem of an athlete playing with serious illness or injury because of pressure from his team, the press and/or the fans isn't restricted to highly paid pros. It also occurs in high school sports. I hope every fan who has ever booed a kid because he came out of a game with a "slight injury" reads your article and realizes what can happen.

STEVE WAYMIRE  
Camargo, Ill.

WHO CAN MATCH JACK?

Sir

The year 1980 gave golf fans something to savor as the great ones—Nicklaus, Watson and Balleseros—won major tournaments

And Dan Jenkins caught the essence of these superb victories in his unique fashion.

Jenkins' most recent article (*Jack, This Is Getting Ridiculous*, Aug. 18) leads me to believe that Nicklaus should again be your Sportsman of the Year. After a frustrating two-year victory drought and a sea of words proclaiming the end of his career, Jack suddenly and gallantly rebuilt his game and his confidence with old-fashioned hard work. In winning the U.S. Open and the PGA, he out-clawed the field, and on marvelous golf courses. He is in a league by himself. Can you imagine his record if he were a tour regular?

LORAN R. SMITH  
Somers, N.Y.

Sir

Jack Nicklaus has not only proved that his golf game is back, but he also has displayed to his critics an ability to cope with and respond to tremendous pressure to win. Nicklaus is still the king of his sport because of his great and unmatched determination to succeed.

BRIAN L. LADD  
Atlanta

Sir

The sly understatement of *Dan Jenkins'* story on Jack Nicklaus was deftly fitting. How else could one describe the feats of the most remarkable athlete of our generation?

JOHN PAPANIKOLAOU  
St. Louis

NYMPHMANIACS AND FIELDSPHILES

Sir

I read with great interest and empathy Robert H. Boyle's article *Yep, Another Nymphomaniac* (Aug. 18). Having been an insect collector myself the past five years, I have endured plenty of stares from persons questioning my sanity. However, the great satisfaction derived from pursuing such a hobby has led me to choose entomology as my life's work. It's nice to know there are other sports-minded insect enthusiasts in this country.

ANDREW HAMILTON  
Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sir

To me, SI's primary attractions are its style and its ability to evoke an image. Every once in a while there appears an article—or even just a sentence—that more than justifies the cost of the subscription. One of these sentences was in Robert H. Boyle's *Yep, Another Nymphomaniac*: "The manager appears behind the thick glass, looking for all the world like Franklin Pangborn confronted by W.C. Fields."

Fields, of course, is dead, but he looks down at me from the wall of my den—lar-

geous eyes staring out from behind cards held in white-gloved hands. But of Pangborn all I have is the memory of an eternal floor-walker running the tautest of ships in some fictional department store. I wonder if he is still alive.

HARRY E. ROWAN  
Oklahoma City

• Pangborn died in 1958 at age 65—ED

GUMBEL

Sir

Hurrah for Bryant Gumbel (TV/Radio, Aug. 18), a young sportsman I enjoy listening to because he gives us information without a lot of hoopla. I feel added pride because he happens to be black.

BILL MARTIN  
Pacific Grove, Calif.

Sir

Bryant Gumbel is a model for all of us young people who hope for a career in sports journalism. By the way, I'll take "calm and articulate" Gumbel over "gosh, golly, gee whizz" Brent Musburger any day.

JOHN MCBRILL  
Maple Valley, Wash.

EASLER & LACY

Sir

That was a superb article on Mike Easter and Lee Lacy the Pirate tandem in leftfield (*Happy at Going Hifalikes*, Aug. 18). It's great to see two such unselfish players have a super season. Pirate Captain Willie Stargell should give Manager Chuck Tanner a pair of gold stars for platooning them in left.

BILL SEGERS  
Akron

Sir

Anthony Cotton's article about Lee Lacy and Mike Easter stresses the similarities between the Pirate leftfielders. It's true that their averages, clutch performances, personalities and love for baseball are quite alike. But not their faces! That's Easter on the left in the picture, not Lacy as the caption indicates.

MIKE MOURACCI  
Leechburg, Pa.

NEWPORT

Sir

As one who grew up in Newport, R.I., I found Frank Deford's story *Red Pines*, No. 606 and Chowder Action (Aug. 18) to be a beautiful summing up of the "City by the Sea." He captured the essence of my hometown.

MIKE ALORSIN  
Hopkinton, N.J.

Sir

I found Frank Deford's reference to the

continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

Navy's role in the history of Newport very negative. Having been stationed there three times (in 1944, 1948 and 1952-53), I have fond memories of the area and the townspeople. In 1944 the Naval base was used to form crews for the new ships being built, and many famous crews originated there. One in particular was the crew of the U.S.S. *Randolph*. I saw her take a Kamikaze hit one night at Ulithi atoll.

In reference to the sailors on Thames Street, I dare say a marini or two are tipped by non-sailors in town today. Newporters can be proud of their Navy past.

JOSEPH YACONA  
Staten Island, N.Y.

## THE SHAM AND THE SHAME (CONT.)

Sir: I sure hit the nail on the head with John Underwood's article on the student-athlete in the May 19 issue (*Special Report: The Writing Is on the Wall*). I happened to be reading it when news of the Pac-10 scandals came out (*SCORECARD*, Aug. 25). Perhaps now more coaches and students, not to mention the NCAA, will take heed. I have read that Pac-10 and Big Ten officials, who have been against freshman eligibility, are planning to make a stronger move to rescind that eligibility, as Underwood suggested. This would help freshman athletes cope with the stresses of college life and make "normal progress" toward a degree.

JEFF POWNELL  
Telado

Sir:

I enjoyed reading your special report on the student-athlete hoax. The question my European friends ask, however, is, "What regulation does athletics have to a university education anyway?" Here, if one wants to become an engineer or doctor, one goes to the university. If one wants to be a soccer or basketball player, one joins a club. If some happen to be "student-athletes," so what? Others are "salesman-athletes" or "bus driver-athletes." The notion that one must go to a university to improve one's sports skills is just a funny American idea.

DEVERE K. CURTIS  
Brunn am Gebirge, Austria

## SPORTSMAN (CONT.)

Sir:

Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson lose quite often, the mighty Pittsburgh Steelers drop two or three games a season; Eric Heiden is defeated occasionally; even Bjorn Borg is upset once in a while. Edwin Moses never loses! In fact, no one can come within shouting distance of him in the 400-meter hurdles. I nominate him for Sportsman of the Year.

RICHARD L. LAGLEY  
Clearwater, Fla.

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**When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to hit 755 home runs.**

**But you never know.**

For all the facts on how your organization can support a Scout troop, call Billy Smith at America's Scouterline 1-800-4-A-Scout. Church of Tennessee, Alabama did and look what they've got to show for it.



## Helps Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Due To Inflammation. Relieves Pain And Itch...

**Gives prompt temporary relief in many cases from hemorrhoidal pain and burning itch in such tissues.**

There's an exclusive medication which actually helps shrink painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by inflammation. And in many cases it gives prompt relief for hours from rectal itching and pain in such tissues.

Tests by doctors on patients showed,

while it greatly relieves such pain, it also helped reduce swelling of these tissues.

The medication used in the tests was Preparation H®. No prescription needed for Preparation H. Ointment and suppositories. Use only as directed.

# Gilbey's idea of a Bloody Mary:

## Taste the gin, too.

Gilbey's Gin is made with a unique idea in mind. The taste of the gin is important and should not be hidden by the mixer. So when you drink a Gilbey's Bloody Mary, you'll taste the gin, too.



Another idea for a Bloody Mary:  
Mix with Holland House Smooth and Spicy Bloody Mary Cocktail Mix.

The Freely Bottle with the pendant label is an official trademark registered with The U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin. 50 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W & A. Gilbey Ltd. Dist. by Nat'l Dist. Products Co., NYC.

# The Marlboro Cup<sup>®</sup>



**Thoroughbred Race of the Year.**  
**Saturday, September 6th at Belmont Park.**  
**Presented by Marlboro Cigarettes.**  
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '78